

THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS. By Madame Duclaux.
THE HABITS OF THE BUZZARD (Illustrated). By Dr. F. Heatherley.

COUNTRY LIFE


TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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The State and Agricultural Machinery

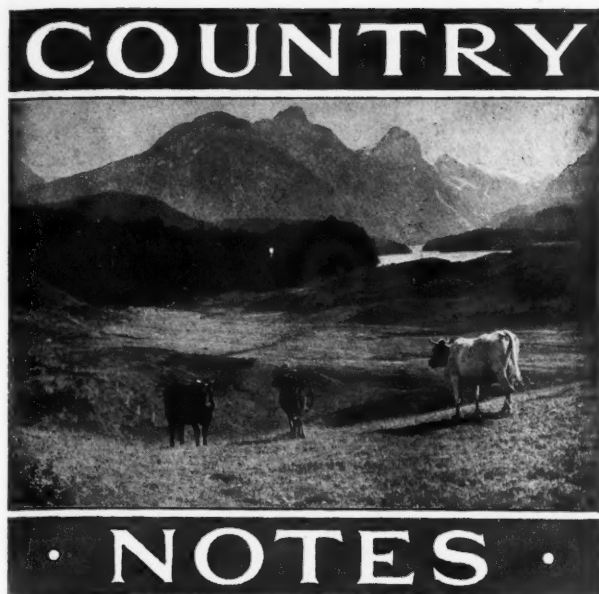
THE Departmental Committee appointed for the purpose has issued a valuable Report on Agricultural Machinery. It is able, well considered and apt to the time in which it is printed. Successive witnesses referred to the change produced by the war in the attitude of the farmers towards the use of machinery. They had long been open to the reproach of slackness in adopting tractor ploughs and other recent inventions. It was not only the urgency of increasing food production, but other circumstances that compelled farmers to take a keener and more practical interest in machinery. During the war the absence of man-power forced the employers to look round for mechanical substitutes, and when the war was over the vast increase in the wages of labour made it still more imperative that every possible means should be adopted for cheapening production. The Report points out that agriculture is now passing through a period of transition. The farmer, on the whole, is in a better position to buy machinery than he was before the war, and he is expected to maintain his area under tillage crops with the stimulus of a heavy labour bill.

This is a diagnosis which draws forth some very sound practical advice. Recognising that machinery must be far more freely used in agriculture than formerly, it is recommended that the empirical method of improving it should be abandoned in favour of scientific construction. We have got past the stage where improvement takes the haphazard form of "trial and error." The Committee recommends research in all branches of agricultural engineering and that this should be provided by the Government. Research associations, such as exist for many much less important industries than agriculture, should give valuable aid. These do not exist at the present time, but the establishment of an association is being considered by the tractor branch. It is of very great importance that, simultaneously with this, investigations into soil, physics and the problems of tilth should be encouraged, as they form the proper basis for research into the principles and design of tillage implements. It is recommended that the work at Rothamsted be accelerated and extended. Anyone will see the wisdom of this course if he reflects for a moment on the fact that we have not yet obtained a tractor plough which is perfectly suitable for the heavy English clay. The majority of tractors have been hitherto constructed to deal with land of lighter texture than that of this country, and consequently the tractors now in use are laid up for more days in the year than would be necessary if the ideal plough were produced.

Another useful suggestion is made in reference to the trials of agricultural machinery. Very often the farmer when he goes to purchase an expensive machine really knows nothing about it, or, at best, has obtained the opinion of a friend who has one in use. What the Report recommends is that in every case the farmer should be able to refer to a clear statement of the work done by the machine over a long test in stated conditions. This should be supplied by a permanent organisation charged with the duty of arranging for the testing of agricultural machinery and implements, chiefly of new and improved types, although old types would not be exempt from having to pass the same tests. There is no need to accentuate the advantage to the farmer of being able to obtain with every machine what would amount to a certificate of efficiency. Presumably he would know his own land and would be able to select the implement which had done best service on soil identical, or approximately so, with that on which he had to work. The idea is that the Ministry of Agriculture should conduct the tests so that the result might be made public without fear or favour. But in the arrangements farmers and manufacturers would have an important say.

Farmers may see for themselves at Rothamsted the improvement in results due to the use of better machinery. By using a tractor it has been found possible "to reduce the amount of fallow cropping, to reduce the necessity for dead fallows, and to get winter oats in early and do away with the necessity for spring oats, which on the heavy land at the farm were almost invariably a bad crop." After the last sentence we can almost hear the farmer repeating his Amen, "it is the same with us." Land drainage, again, would be practicable by the introduction of machinery, whereas the high price of manual labour is an insurmountable barrier to it in many places. These sensible proposals are accompanied by a little discourse on the need for propaganda. Farm labourers can scarcely be expected to welcome machinery until they learn to know more about it. Many of them look upon the tractor only as a means of ousting the ploughman. This is far from being the case in reality. Ploughing with a tractor is easier and more skilled work than ploughing with horses, so that it makes for lightening the task of the labourer. It will never lead to less work, however, but to more. Every farmer who has got into the way of using a tractor has increased his production and also the work on the farm. He has also found time for a thousand odd jobs formerly neglected.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



WE are glad to see that Sir Henry Morris has been making a vigorous and common-sense protest in the pages of the *Times* against the way in which the country is gaily marching towards ruin. He shows incontrovertibly that different classes of the community are shifting the onus of high prices from their own shoulders to that of the taxpayer. The miners furnish the most striking example, as their wages are being raised by a direct contribution from the state. But other classes are travelling in the same direction. The cotton trade would speedily be in the most flourishing condition it had ever experienced but for the fact that the demands of the wage-earners are being pushed so far as to threaten the whole of the profit. Schoolmasters stand on a different footing. The state pays them for services rendered, but they have chosen a most unfortunate time for demanding, on peril of resorting to direct action, a considerable rise in their remuneration. Sir Henry does not deny that certain sections of workers are underpaid, nor does he suggest that a reasonable grievance of the kind should not be remedied. But the demand goes far beyond this and threatens to make it impossible for the country to recover from the state of indebtedness to which the War has reduced it. It takes a great deal of courage to say all this because the wage-earners are in a majority, but the welfare of the country demands that some check should be placed upon the continual increase of expenditure. Everyone can reduce his own expenditure by the exercise of prudence and self-denial.

BY many of us it was hoped that the extension of profit-sharing schemes might satisfy the ambition of the working man and also afford safer ground for capital. But a report issued by the Minister of Labour throws cold water on profit-sharing as a practical arrangement. A Committee appointed to make enquiry has reported that the average profit-sharing arrangement has a very short life. On October 31st, 1919, there were a hundred and two in existence out of three hundred and eighty started since 1865. Thus more than half of the schemes have failed, and the average time which they lasted was only eight and a half years. The reasons for failure are that in a large number of cases the firm has been unable to earn sufficient profits to make profit-sharing a success, and in a considerable percentage the result is traced to the dissatisfaction of either the employer or the employed. It is good and, indeed, necessary to know what has happened in the past and to understand the reasons why so many promising projects should have come to a dismal end. But the facts do not wholly condemn the system. The wise man learns from mistakes, and we feel confident that in a number of industries, at any rate, it would be possible to agree upon a plan that would be fair to both parties and possess endurance founded upon mutual benefit.

IT is reported by the Forestry Commission that they are in the process of acquiring 34,000 acres of suitable land for planting trees. In some cases this has been obtained below market value and in others has been given by landowners. Of the 10,000 English acres 3,500 are in Suffolk, 2,760 in Devon, 1,150 in Cumberland and 1,800 at Northampton in Bedfordshire. A point we should like to see cleared up is that the land in each case is not only adapted for timber but not good enough for growing agricultural crops. In the immediate future there is pretty certain to be a very strong movement in favour of reclamation. From every point of view it is recognised as desirable that the wheat-growing land of this country should be extended as much as possible. Everybody who knows accepts the principle that foodstuffs come first. One cannot help feeling anxious lest the foresters should be hurriedly planting with trees land that could be put to greater use in agriculture. The two should work in combination, and an assurance that they do so would be very welcome at the present time. At the same time, it is highly satisfactory to know that steps are being taken to train men in forestry in the Forest of Dean, the New Forest and in Chopwell Woods, near Newcastle. The shortage of forest seed was expected to be a difficulty, but it has, to a large extent, been met by purchases from Austria and by gifts from the United States and Canada.

EVENING SKY.

The woodland path dips, rises, dips again
And flows into a wide pomegranate sky;
The tall, grave poplars take the rosy light
Full on their palisade of slender spears
Uplifted to salute the passing day;
Willows, just misted with the green of spring,
Ravel that rose, filter that heavenly glow;
And, as a night-bound traveller sees a lamp
Set in a window and his journey's end,
So, in the reaches of that blossoming sky,
The spirit suddenly rests—the soul sinks home.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THERE seems to be no end to the resources of Dartmoor.

The centre of interest is now shifted from Newton Abbot to Okehampton. A new industry which seems to have a good prospect of being established there is the manufacture of glass. For some time past a local company has been profitably engaged in crushing granulate and exporting it to Staffordshire, where it is used in enamelling porcelain. But, according to the experts, the granulate contains not only silica but potash, soda and alumina, which are all necessary to glass making. Moreover, the material is of first-rate quality, and the glass produced should be at least as good as any in the world. Before the War Austria had the greatest share of this business; but if, as is said to be the case, the supply of granulate in the valley is practically unlimited, enough glass should be made for home consumption and for a large export trade. There is also a great prospect that bottles and glass jars may be made, and that at a cheap rate which will defy competition. The expectation is founded on an estimate that the material will cost only fifteen shillings a ton instead of two pounds a ton, which is the price of the cheapest mixture out of which bottles are manufactured at present. It would be a very great change indeed if the ancient town of Okehampton were to be transformed into the centre of a great industry.

LAST week-end was a triumphant one for the athletes of France. The young lawn tennis players of Paris beat the rather aged ones of London, and the French fifteen beat Ireland at Dublin. Once before the Frenchmen have gained an International victory at Rugby football—over Scotland—but this was the first time they have won on foreign soil. The Irish forwards played their traditional game to perfection, sweeping down the ground in one mad rush after another and never slackening for a moment till the last few minutes of the game, when exhausted nature could do no more. But the French forwards were splendidly fit and fought finely if they fought on the defensive; while as for the French backs, they were altogether too

much for their opponents and made them look very weak and slow. This tremendous strength and pace of the Frenchmen has already made them very dangerous. With another year or so of experience and just a little more coolness when on the verge of victory it may well make them invincible. Their advent as a real power, where before they were only very gallant learners, adds much to the interest of Rugby football.

AS we write, Denmark is threatened with a general strike against the action of the King in dismissing the Zahle Cabinet. King Christian has taken the action which we might expect from a simple-minded democrat who has been a private in the Guards. The difficulty arose about an old sore, one in which this country has a repentant interest because in 1864, when Slesvig-Holstein was forcibly wrested from Denmark by the Prussians, Great Britain, in the words of a famous Russian statesman, "refused to draw the sword of honour." We were bound by treaty to go to the rescue of Denmark if these provinces were threatened, but though Palmerston saw through the Prussian schemes, Court influence was too strong and neutralised his efforts. After the recent War was over, it was decided in the spirit of national self-determination, to take a plebiscite in two zones, the third zone remaining German. The polling in the first zone gave it back to Denmark, but in the southern zone, which includes the important town of Flensburg, the voting went German. This King Christian attributes to the lukewarmness of his Cabinet, and hence the dismissal which has brought on a crisis in Denmark.

LORD ROBERT CECIL has drawn up a scheme for profit-sharing in his Hertfordshire constituency that is well worth attention. Its character may be best seen from a practical example that he gives of its working. He takes a farm of three hundred acres, requiring a capital of £4,500, which, at seven per cent. would cost £315. The manager's salary would be £260, and the labour bill—nine men at about 47s. a week—about £1,100. The total, therefore, entitled to participate in the profits is £1,675, made up of interest on capital £315, management £260, and labour £1,100. Supposing there were £167 10s. profit, this would provide approximately two shillings for every pound paid out. Capital would receive £31 10s., management £26, and labour £110. In ordinary circumstances a farmer is both capitalist and manager, and would therefore receive interest, salary and profits on both. In the example given his total return would be £632 10s.

SUCH a scheme in our opinion would be most suitable for a farm of which the occupant was also the owner. The large landowner would not stand to gain or lose by the arrangement. He would continue to obtain the rent afforded by the conditions of the market. At present it is a low rent. Although the incomes of the labourer and the tenant farmer have been increased, the unfortunate landowner has had to bear a great deal of the burden without any return. He has got his rent, says Lord Robert, at the market rates, and the land, unlike capital, is not impaired if the business does not succeed. One is rather inclined to doubt the truth of the last sentence. If the business is a financial failure there is every probability that the land will have lost considerably in value. Very likely this loss will have been incurred by turning the farm to purposes for which it is unsuitable, this being on the whole the commonest cause of agricultural failure. Perhaps Lord Robert Cecil thinks that the time has come when the farmer should own his own land. If his scheme is drawn up to meet a condition of things like that, it deserves hearty approval; but, if not, we doubt if there is anything to commend it from the point of view of the landowner.

AMONG the regulations which "Dora" is so reluctant to give up, one, if not the most important, is particularly aggravating. A case of its working came before the writer the other night in a refreshment room at one of our central stations. Two or three soldiers had just come from the Continent, and with their tea or coffee ordered the cigarette which has become almost indispensable to them. They were amazed to be told that it is still against the law to

sell tobacco after eight o'clock, and it was no use for them to ask why, because to that query there is no answer. Nobody knows exactly for what purpose such a regulation was made, still less why it is continued in peace time. What harm would be done to any human being by permitting the sale of cigarettes, cigars or tobacco, as well as such refreshments as tea or coffee, at, say, ten o'clock in the evening?

THE language spoken by industrial agitators is often not easily comprehended by those who only know the English of common use. Some anonymous scribe has, for the public benefit, made a little glossary of political and labour terms which those who are curious about new words will read with avidity. The definitions in most cases are simple and straightforward. Some of them have a touch of originality. "Class consciousness," for instance, is defined as "a softened expression for class-hatred, and incitement to class-war." "Conchie" or "C.O." is "one who is assumed to have objections to fighting on religious grounds. Sometimes," adds the dictionary maker with grave irony, "the objection does not apply to civil war." "Red Sunday Schools" are new to us. They are "schools for the teaching of Socialism, and class-war, and undermining religious influence." The "Salariat" sounds as if it were akin to Proletariat. It is "a body of workers who are paid for their labour or services by the month or the year. When the payment is by the day or week it is described by some people as 'wage-slavery.'" These are a few examples, taken at random, of the meanings given in this book, "What's That?" which we observe does not bear the name of any publisher. It bears, however, No. 16 on its cover, which seems to point to its being one of a series.

THE HERON.

Where leaps the burn by granite stairs
Into an eddying pool, he stood,
Personifying solitude
And meditating his affairs.

A bird august beyond belief
Distinguished in his way of thought,
Yet the sworn enemy of sport—
A "poacher," "vagabond" and "thief."

Creation's lord, the heron knew,
Denied his right to fish for trout—
A fact that often made him doubt
Of justice, on a general view.

Then me he saw, and guessing not
I held him innocent to be,
He spread slow pinions heavily
And drifted to a lonelier spot;

But left a feather by the stream,
Deep in the plume, fair silver grey,
With which I'll write upon the day
"Live and let live" shall be my theme.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

AMONG curious wills surely one of the most extraordinary is that of the man who left his son a quarter of a million on the condition that he should be able to obtain a baronetcy or any other superior title. Some of the relatives brought an action to get the document set aside, but the lawyers refused to do so. The only valid reason that could have been adduced was that such a will was injurious to public morals. That was the guiding reason for the judgment in the well known Birkbeck case, where the legatee had to obtain a peerage before coming into his fortune. It was held that the will might have a demoralising effect upon the nation in so far as it was a temptation to the legatee to take improper means of becoming a member of the Legislature. But the title of baronet is from this point of view a mere "dud." If that term be thought too vulgar and unsuitable to so grave a case it will be enough to quote the terms used by the lawyers. Lord Justice Warrington said "a baronetcy was a barren title, involving no duty to the State or to the public except those which were cast on every good citizen."

THE HABITS OF THE BUZZARD

BY DR. F. HEATHERLEY.



T. Lewis.

THE BUZZARD HOME FROM HUNTING.

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THE nest at which my photographs were taken was in a wooded cliff flanked by screes on the eastern side of a remote valley in Mid-Wales. It was about 18 ins. in diameter, a shallow, round structure of sticks laid on the lowest part of a jutting ledge of rock about 6 ft. long. Half the battle in photographing a rare bird is to have the nest found for you, and in this instance my friend Mr. Owen R. Owen provided the opportunity. Left to myself I am afraid that most if not all my three weeks' leave would have been spent in looking for a nest, for even with a letter from Owen minutely describing its location Edmund Selous and myself were unable to find it. Selous had joined me in order to make use of my hiding shed when unoccupied to watch the birds; unfortunately, he was called away at the end of the first week and, although I left the shed in position when I departed, he was not able to return until the birds had cleared out.

Owen joined us on Whit Monday, and we spent a strenuous day visiting three other breeding sites in the district. It was a flaming day of June and Owen was a finished mountaineer, and after following him up hill and down dale all day long with an escort of tormenting flies and midges, one of us was so finished that he got no sleep that night. Owen proved a veritable mine of information, having watched the buzzards of his district for a matter of twenty-five years. All the other nests we visited under his guidance proved to be in trees, and therefore of no practical interest to me, as my ambition for surmounting difficulties has its limits. He told us that although, roughly, nesting in the same locality year by year, the possible sites may range over a mile, and that if they build on the ground one year, the next year's nest is nearly always in a tree, and *vice versa*. The prey, according to him, consists of young rabbits, rats, mice, voles, moles, frogs, blackbirds, pigeons and young carrion crows. It will be seen from this list what a useful bird the buzzard is. Their number remains constant in his district, because the old birds drive their young away every year. The young buzzard is a very unsuspecting creature and easily becomes the victim of the gamekeeper, who judges a hawk's power for mischief by its size. Were it not for this ignorance the bird might easily become common again, to the benefit of the agriculturist and the joy of the nature lover.

While we were examining the nest both old birds were soaring at a great height, uttering at intervals their plaintive mewing cry. They were a fine sight with their wing-stretch of over 40 ins. Their outline against the sky was different from that of the peregrine falcon, the wings not being sharp tipped, but rounded with upper and lower margins parallel; and their flight consisted almost entirely of soaring in great circles, which gradually drifted them across the valley and out of sight—a beautiful example of effortless flight.

From the small game to which it restricts itself the buzzard is commonly looked upon as a somewhat cowardly bird, but Owen provided us with yet another instance, showing that it is one of the few birds which may attack the intruder on its privacy. He seemed to know the individual characteristics of each pair, which varied considerably, one pair being very close sitters, allowing you to come within a few yards of the nest before departing, another pair would clear right away out of sight when disturbed and not venture back for a long time; and at the other extreme he knew a pair of which the male often attacked him when still a mile away from the nest, swooping down and knocking his hat off; in fact, on one occasion it caught him when, while climbing a cliff in search of the nest, he had reached an awkward spot, where a false step would have led to an accident, and kept him a prisoner there clinging with one hand to a sapling ash while with his stick he defended himself against the great bird's stoops. It sometimes swooped down as often as three or four times in the minute with wide-spread talons and open beak, checking its flight so suddenly on one occasion as almost to turn on its back in the air, and it was only the coming of night which released him from his uncomfortable position.

When Owen showed us the nest it contained two young about ten days old in grey down; their eyes and beaks were black, the latter with a yellow band at the base, and their legs were of the same yellow colour. One youngster was much larger than the other, and Owen agreed with me in presuming it to be a female. In the nest were two or three leafy twigs of hazel, which at first sight seemed to be examples of the well known so-called decorating habit of the bird, but which I afterwards found to be growing through the nest. About 2 ft. above it there stretched out horizontally a dead branch

*T. Lewis.*

BEARING A LEAFY TWIG OF BEECH.

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from the base of some mountain ash saplings, forming a convenient perch, and it raised hopes of a family group of the male on the perch watching the female and young in the nest; but these never materialised. Below there was a sheer drop of 15ft. on to the screes, and all round the nest the leaves of the surrounding trees showed big white splashes, due, as in the case of the peregrine falcon, to the cleanly habit of the youngsters always voiding their excrement outside the nest. The sticks composing the nest had a peculiar filmy look, which I afterwards found was due to a coating of rabbit hairs, the result of previous meals.

At the opposite and higher end of the ledge of rock on which the nest was built a couple of young oak trees grew out

of the cliff. Although they formed an acute angle with the cliff side, yet, by laying faggots of wood across their roots and piling earth and stems on them, Selous and I managed to make a platform for the hiding shed. We thought we were baulked by coming on to live rock, but found it to be a loose slab of slate 4ft. square, which we turned over and which exactly coincided with the size of the shed, which was one of Willford's design and consisted of wooden frames, like artist's canvases, fastened together with bolts and screws, and covered with green blind material.

Had I been wise I should have photographed the young birds before putting up the shed, for, being out of practice owing to the War, I did not pay attention to the birds while

*T. Lewis.*

ONLY THE OLD BIRD WAS VISIBLE.

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F. Heatherley.

TEARING UP THE PREY.

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F. Heatherley.

A BEAKFUL OF RABBIT FUR.

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SCANNING THE VALLEY FOR DANGER.

I was erecting the shed and so lost the young male from exposure due to keeping the old birds off the nest too long. The position of the shed was not ideal, being so much above the level of the nest that I had to work the camera from the floor; but I was better off than my friend Dr. Thomas Lewis, who was at the same time trying to get photographs of buzzards in Cornwall, because the only position he could find for his camera in an adjacent tree was below the level of the nest, so that only the old bird was visible. His beautiful photographs are the result of time exposures, a method which, by allowing the use of a smaller diaphragm, gives better definition, but which I could not use owing to the young and old never being still at the same moment. As neither of us got a full bag we have combined our results. In my case at the end of the first week, which was taken up in getting everything ready and in accustoming the birds to the



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

proximity of the shed, the weather broke and days of continuous sunshine were followed by an endless succession of cold, grey rainy days, so that I never had the satisfaction of making an exposure in sunshine, although I was buoyed up by a cheering text on my bedroom wall which proclaimed "though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

Besides being handicapped by poor light which necessitated prolonged development in weak solution, some negatives took half an hour; another trouble was the infrequency of buzzard meals. Although at various times I had the nest under observation from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. the only meal observed occurred invariably some time between noon and 2 p.m.

Otherwise the situation was delightfully secluded; often the only human being in sight was some farm hand singing at his work on the opposite side of the valley, but there was



F. Heatherley.

ABOUT TO BEGIN WING EXERCISE



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ABLE TO STAND, A NEW ACCOMPLISHMENT.

plenty of bird life all around me, the guttural croak of the carrion crow and the hoarse bark of the raven being the most characteristic.

The youngster behaved just like the young of the peregrine falcon, spending its time in alternately dozing and preening itself; and from the irritable way in which it nibbled among its down, the eruption of the feathers must be an itchy process. It also spent a good deal of time in calling for its mother, which never seemed to come in response to its cries. It did not always seem to recognise its parents' voices and often answered other birds whose cries seemed close to the nest. The old bird, when she did at last put in an appearance, came, as a rule, quite unexpectedly, although once or twice she gave a premonitory cry, and on other occasions the alarm note of a black-bird heralded her coming. Generally she alighted on the nest so noiselessly that, had I not been looking, only the eager piping of the youngster would have told me she was there. On first alighting at the nest she was always very suspicious of the shed, scowling as she eyed it narrowly for signs of life; but, once she had started feeding the youngster, she seemed too preoccupied to pay any attention to any noise I made in changing plates. It was always the female which came to feed the young, and from the small size of the prey she always seemed to come empty handed.

I only once caught sight of the male, perched on a dead branch some 20 yds. away watching his mate engaged in feeding the young. I identified him by his smaller size, and hoped he was about to join the family circle, but he soon flew away. He was often calling the alarm while she was feeding, but she seldom heeded it more than to leave off and hop heavily to the edge of the nest, where she would stand for a few minutes narrowly scanning the valley for signs of danger, after which she would return to her task however frantically he might call.

Once when she flew away while he was calling the alarm I hardly thought it worth while to change plates, because I guessed his alarm was owing to my wife coming to relieve me; but fortunately I put in a plate and had just done so when the buzzard glided noiselessly on to the nest and started feeding the young. Almost immediately afterwards I was surprised to hear my wife asking quietly how I had got on. She was startled to see the great bird shoot out from under her feet, but, whoever was to blame for the *contretemps*, it was not the male.

As with other birds, the characteristic cry does not exhaust their vocabulary. On one occasion when I had sawn off several branches which obstructed the light, the two birds treated me to a wealth of language on their return. It sounded like a mixture of parrot, owl and jay language, and was quite unprintable.

IN THE GARDEN

LENT HELLEBORES.

THE Lent hellebores of our gardens that flower in February and March come from a number of species that are natives of Southern Europe and the nearer Orient, viz., *Helleborus corsicus*, *H. olympicus*, *H. atro-rubens*, *H. orientalis*, and perhaps one or two others. They hybridise readily, and are easy to increase by watching for self-sown seedlings which may be collected in April, or by division of established clumps in early autumn. The illustration shows them in a garden where they are grown in the borders of a nut walk, a place that suits them well, as they get air and sunlight while they are in bloom, before the nuts are in leaf, and grateful shade that keeps them cool in the summer months. They range in colour from the typical dull red-purple of several of the species to the pure white of those nearest to *orientalis*. Some have the sepals handsomely spotted inside, such spotting showing to great effect when it is rosy purple on pure white. They do so well and look so happy in the nut walk that one is apt to think it an ideal place, but any cool path in thin woodland would suit them as well. A few other shade-loving plants are grouped with them, to follow in time of blooming: *Erythroniums* pleasantly grouped with the little *Corydalis solida* (a favourite old plant of cottage gardens), primroses with *Myosotis dissitiflora*, *Dentaria* with white cruciform bloom and good foliage, and *tiarella*. The mature leaves of the hellebores are so large and effective that even when the bloom is over the plants are fine objects. Then, when all the earlier spring flowers are done they are followed by a further-back planting of columbines, the fine white form of *Campanula macrantha*, white fox-glove and hardy ferns.

A nut walk is such a pleasant way of communication between different parts of a garden that the wonder is that it is not more often planted. Or it may be quite on the outskirts of the garden or as an approach to an orchard. In the one in the illustration the cobnuts are planted in two rows, the nuts of the inner rows standing 12 ft. apart. The back row is about 3 ft. further back, and as they are planted alternately in the rows the borders form a succession of bays, giving space for deeper planting. When full grown the nuts arch over and meet overhead.

G. JEKYLL.

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS AT KEW.

There is a wealth of blossom at Kew such as we have rarely seen at one time. The flowering cherries, a host of magnolias and Chinese

rhododendrons are now in their full beauty, and the same may be said of the daffodils naturalised in the grass. Just within the Lion Gate on the Kew Road is seen a tree wreathed in double pink blossoms from the tops of its branches almost to the ground level. This is the double-flowered Japanese cherry (*Prunus serrulata*). There are other trees of this cherry scattered throughout the gardens, all of them laden with blossom. The magnolias within the Azalea Garden are at the time of writing (April 1st) in the height of perfection. The largest tree of *Magnolia soulangeana*, about thirty feet in height, is the object of great admiration. It is smothered from the tops of its highest branches with its large fragrant blossoms, creating a wonderful effect worth travelling far to see. There are other magnolias in different parts of the gardens, notably in the Berberis Dell, where the slender, willow-leaved magnolia is flowering well, and the pure white flowers of *Magnolia stellata* may be seen from afar. A large tree of *Magnolia Campbellii* has been growing here for years; so far, it has never flowered at Kew.

Near to the lake the common blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*) is smothered with a sheet of white blossom reminiscent of a snowstorm.

The Queen's Cottage grounds are now open to the public, and the Emperor narcissus with stems about two feet long are magnificent. They are quite the best daffodils in the gardens. A very delightful effect is produced just outside the Queen's Cottage



LENT HELLEBORES IN A NUT WALK.

grounds by a large group of the double-flowered peach. The early broom (*Cytisus praecox*) is in flower and creating wonderful studies in pale sulphur yellow, for which we can forgive its unpleasant odour. We must not omit to mention the beautiful

Viburnum Carlesii, with pale pink, wax-like flowers. It is one of the sweetest scented of all flowers of this season, and it is undoubtedly one of the choicest shrubs introduced to our gardens within the last quarter of a century. H. C.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON ANGLING.—I.

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

JOB! Job's patience never was properly tried. He wasn't a fisherman." Thus in bitterness of heart exclaimed, on a day of peculiar irritation, one of the most ardent anglers that ever fished the Hampshire chalk streams. Perhaps Job was not. The evidence is negative, though the glorious book to which he gives his name expressly discourages us from angling for "Leviathan." It is, however, about smaller people of the water than this Leviathan that I mean to write to you. The hope of the most ambitious of "commencing anglers" should be bounded by fifty pounds weight of live salmon at his line's end, and even this is a large measure that few of us ever reach. The present is a day of smaller things again. I am assuming that you will "commence trout-fisher" before angling for the salmon. You cannot do much with either until you have mastery of the first rudiments of casting a fly, but when you have learnt the more or less effective casting of the trout fly you will almost, "in your stride," take the next step which leads to casting of the salmon fly; so far the more difficult and finer art of the two is the former.

I take for granted that you will begin and, further, as trout-fisher, will continue until the end of your life's chapter with a single-handed rod. The big two-handed trout rods with which our gallant forefathers used to belabour the stream are as obsolete as the arquebus, and perhaps belong to a day when fish were not educated to their present high level of wisdom and suspicion. Besides, they were most fatiguing engines almost impossible to wield in that *couchant* attitude by which only you can, with any success, make your approaches to our latter-day trout. Further than this I shall not for the moment advise you in the matter of a rod, because the advice would be sheer waste of words. You may become proficient in the casting of a fly for a very long while before you will be expert enough to make wise choice of a rod. Indeed, many a man has gone through a life-long and not unsuccessful fishing career without ever attaining expertness in their choice. It is rather a different art from that of casting, and even the most expert is apt to be deceived by the "feel" of the rod in the shop. It is so entirely "another story" when we have it beside the river in real work.

Do not, therefore, in the first instance bother about the purchase of a rod at all. We need not assume you friendless. Of what value is a friend except to borrow of him? Borrow of him a rod, telling him frankly your innocence of all knowledge of what some write of as "the gentle craft"; and yet more particularly borrow of him a line. I say this "yet more particularly" because I propose to give you your first casting lessons on the lawn, and—note this and put it in a convenient mental pigeon-hole for ready reference, for I often see old anglers, who should know better, neglecting it—as no treatment is more harmful to a fine line, more apt to fray off that waterproofing varnish which is its protection from decay, than dragging it over the lawn grass; and a fine supple line is too valuable and rare a possession to be lightly

put in peril, as you will learn in all due course. But when I write of a "fine line" I write in reference to its quality, not as to its tenuity, for one of the points in which our modern wisdom is certainly superior to that of our fathers is in the weight that we give our lines. They had a theory that the thinnest line would place the fly most lightly on the water, therefore they practised this cult of thinness to such extreme that you might find them with a rod of the two-handed dimension and a line therewith of a tenuity which by no muscle and almost by no miracle could be cast out in the face of anything like an adverse current of wind. The lines most helpful to casting are those sold as "tapering," which fine down to a tenuity scarcely thicker than the gut itself towards their junction, but which swell to a comparatively large weight and substance within a few yards. The virtue of this weight is not only that this part, euphoniously known as "the belly" of the line, itself will go out, if moderately well cast, against a breeze, but that its weight is the efficient cause of further urging out, beyond itself, the thinner section of the line and the gut cast beyond that.

Take now your borrowed rod and line—at first there is no need of the gut—and go on the lawn with them. At the very first you should, I think, borrow your friend also; for without some such help it is a little difficult to see how you are to induce the line to go out and away so as to put you into "first position," so to say, for a cast. Then, when your friend has pulled you out, say, twelve yards of line, and they lie before you on the grass, you are at what we may call the "Ready."

The first part of the cast, which you are now to commence, will be in the nature of a lift, to raise a portion of the line. Do this, if you please, with elbow down and tolerably close in against the side, and do it with a stiff wrist. Remember, particularly, throughout the cast the stiff wrist. I write "particularly" because this useful tenseness of wrist is so often forgotten. All the work is to be from the elbow joint.

The grip of the hand on the rod butt, which you will grasp a little above the reel, should be firm. As for the exact mode of disposing each finger in this grip, the practice of fine anglers differs. Perhaps the master craftsmen of them all, the late G. S. Marryat, used to fish with the forefinger straight along the rod. It is an impossible mode for most men, and the usual way is with the thumb, not the forefinger, straight up along the rod and with the knuckles downward.

The first movement up of the rod has been in the nature of a lift to take some of the line and the heaviest portion of it off the lawn, which, for the moment, does duty for the water. The next part of the movement is in the nature of a true cast or throw—a throw of the rod backwards over your right shoulder. You, of course, are a right-handed man. For a left-hander all this advice would be given conversely. You wish to throw the line backwards and upwards, but bear in mind all the while what the agency is exactly which is so to cast it. You, with your muscle,



CAST OVER LEFT SHOULDER.

are not touching the line. It is the rod, the flexible spring of the rod, which is to flick the line back. Remember that. So it is your business to work the rod in such a manner as to give this flick most effectively. That is your problem. How are you to do it? One fine caster and high authority suggests that you should imagine yourself to have on the rod point a pellet of moist clay and that your purpose is to flick this pellet off as far as possible.

The idea is good: it conveys the right suggestion. The pace of the flick that will accomplish this best must depend on the flexibility of the rod, but this flexibility in its various degree you will soon grow to recognise as your hand becomes familiar with different rods. For the moment you have this rod of your friend's in hand. You give, after the lift, and without pause—rather as a quick acceleration of the lifting movement—the flick back and up, as suggested, and then you must arrest the movement. You must arrest it sharply. Remember the tenseness of the forearm muscles all the while; you must not relax this tenseness nor allow the wrist to bend nor the hand to lean back over the shoulder. Any weakening of that kind would be fatal to the cast. It has been suggested—all these suggestions are most useful as mediums between the adviser and the advisee to enable the advice to be understood, and also to the fisher in the actual practice of his craft by way of reminder of points in which he is apt to fall away from perfection—the suggestion, I say, has been made that the check in the movement of the arm should be just such as a smart groom makes when he brings the fingers up to touch the cap. Again, it is a good and helpful simile.

So there you are, you now have the line in the air above and behind you. I hope you will have brought your forearm straightly and vertically up, with no weak wavering, for this is rather essential if the line is ultimately to be projected straight in front of you again. The line is away up and behind you. How long are you to let it be so in the heavens? When is the forward movement to begin? This is, perhaps, the most important question in the whole business. Its answer is the solution of, perhaps, the most difficult problem involved. I am sorry that it is an answer which I find it also most difficult to put into words understandable by anyone to whom the "feel" of the rod is a new sensation. It is most difficult; but I must make the attempt.

In the first place, I would ask you to dismiss from your mind all that you may have heard said by them of old time about the necessity, the desirability, or even the mere possibility of allowing the line to go straight out behind you before beginning to urge it forward again. That pleasant illusion about the throw has been dispelled, we may hope, for all time, by the diligence and the instantaneous photographs of the late Mr. Halford. The line does not go out anything like straight behind the angler's back; it begins to be returned for the forward cast long before it gets to that position. I presume that if the angler did wait for it so to straighten itself behind, a portion of it would inevitably "go to grass," and therewith all hope of success for that particular throw would fall to the ground also.

Nevertheless, it is probably true that the besetting sin of most anglers is to begin the forward movement too soon, not to give long enough pause at the top—to be in too great a hurry.

Remember this: you have made a cast back; you have to make a cast forward. In order to make this forward cast you have to begin it at the moment when the line has gone so far back as to give the greatest possible value to the spring of the rod, which, as we have seen, is to be the efficient cause of all its movement. That precise moment you will begin, after a little practice, to recognise for yourself. It is the moment when the forward movement which you are

now to give to the rod communicates to your hand the sense that there is something of weight up there in the air behind and above you which you have to flick forward—like a moist clay pellet. The effectiveness of the forward flick depends a great deal on the choice of the right instant for its beginning. If too soon, the line has not gone far enough back and there is a bit of slack before the spring of the rod takes hold of it. If too late, there is exactly the same waste of slack line. But if the movement be precisely timed, then the spring of the rod begins active work on the line the moment it is set going forward. All the line is "live," none is dead or slack.

Now, if you have accomplished this with any success, and it is a success you are not at all likely to achieve until after very, very many failures, you have then passed the



THE OVERHEAD RIGHT-HAND CAST.

most difficult corner; the crux of the business lies behind you. Think of the flick as having for its object the projection of the moist clay pellet from the rod's top. Think of this and then you will almost automatically find yourself checking the forward movement at the right point. That right point will be just before your forearm, still kept tense and working on the elbow joint, comes to the horizontal. Check it there and the line will then go out; but after the check lower your hand a little further still, otherwise the outgoing of the line itself will suffer check. And this you do not want. You want the line to go out smoothly, straightly and evenly, and to alight lightly on the lawn. This the further slight drop of the arm after the check will permit it to do. The cast is made.

I have hinted that you will be little short of an infant prodigy in the angling way if you achieve this measure of success even once after very, very many bumbles. I have not said this for your discouragement, but exactly with the opposite object in order that you may not be disappointed. At first you are likely to feel your case to be hopeless and to be inclined to think that you never will succeed. Then, all at once, by some happy chance of accurate timing, the line goes out comparatively well. It is a blessed moment; it seems as if it were a gift of some fairy godmother suddenly vouchsafed. And the first time that this happens pause a moment and examine this gift. Ask yourself "What was it that I did this time differently from the time before so as to produce this miraculously beautiful result?" Ask yourself that, and if you can answer the question satisfactorily you will have gained a distinct step—you will at least know what to try for. Accurate timing is of the very essence of the business, and this is an accuracy that you have to appreciate through your fingers by sensation; but you can help yourself towards the blessed end by mental attention also. It needs, in fact, all your faculties. In the immortal words of the Scottish gillie to the Professor of the "humaner letters," "it's verra easy teaching they boys Greek and Latin, but it takes a mon wie a heid tae throw a flee."



THE road from Oxford to Stratford-on-Avon traverses some forty miles of diversified scenery. After leaving Woodstock it gradually mounts from the low levels of 200ft. or 300ft. above the sea, until near Chipping Norton it reaches a height of 750ft., the highest point, save one, for miles around. Thence it descends somewhat rapidly to its original altitude, sinking eventually to a little over 100ft. at Stratford itself. At some twenty-five miles from Oxford, and when the road has left the heights, is the turning to Little Wolford. The county of Warwick has been entered, that narrow tongue which forms its extreme southern portion. The neighbourhood is interesting. A mile or two away stand the ancient Rollrich Stones overlooking a wide stretch of country. Four or five miles to the west is Chastleton, and beyond it the Cotswold district. Six or seven miles to the north are Compton Winyates and Honington, and rather further afield lie the manor house of Shutford and the tithe barn of Swalcliffe. These are some of the attractive places within easy reach.

It will be apparent from the levels just indicated that the surrounding country is likely to be interesting and, indeed, many of its slopes are steep and abrupt, and the roads that wind

along their edges afford beautiful views both near and far. But the appeal of landscape to the mind is of comparatively modern growth, and at the time when the Ingrams built their house at Little Wolford it hardly existed; anything steep or wild or uncommon inspired terror rather than admiration. Security from attack, shelter from evil airs, a good supply of water, useful on occasion for defence, these were then among the chief considerations in selecting a site, and had been for centuries. But many of the houses built during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries merely replaced old ones fallen to decay, and there was no question of a new site involved. Here we are left to guess on this point, but there is, at least, no evidence in the work itself that an older house once existed; on the contrary, the most ancient work that one sees may quite well be of the date 1557, which occurs in one of the stained glass panels of the hall windows.

The house has fallen from its high estate and is now occupied as three cottages, the hall (Fig. 8) being used for village meetings as well as more regularly for chapel services. If Little Wolford desires to attend church it has to go to its neighbour, Great Wolford, some mile or so away. The present approach is



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1.—THE REBUILT ARCHED ENTRANCE TO THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE HANGING GABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE HALL BUILDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—THE HALL WINDOWS AND STAIR TURRET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Being the building erected by John Ingram in 1557.

somewhat casual, being dictated by the convenience of the cottagers; but originally the approach was between two eighteenth century stone gate pillars (still remaining, but facing into a field), and thence through an archway which has evidently been rebuilt, although probably on its former site (Fig. 1). Through this gateway the front porch comes into view, but not on the axial line, and beyond it the visitor finds himself in a kind of small courtyard formed, as to two of its sides, by the house. One of these is all stone built and contains the hall, parlours and kitchen, put to other uses under the present conditions. The second side is of stone with picturesque overhanging gables of half-timber work on the upper storey (Fig. 2). There seems to have been some floral carving on the woodwork in places, such as one might expect; but it has decayed so much as to be undecipherable.

The porch gives the first indication as to ownership and date. In its gable are the arms of Ingram, coarsely carved, and above are the initials *H.A.* and the date 1671. Turning to the right, the eye falls on the windows of the hall in two tiers, and on a massive octagonal projection in which is a wide circular staircase of stone (Figs. 4 and 9), such as was universally adopted before the advent of the fine oak staircases in straight flights towards the close of the sixteenth century.

Beyond the staircase the main building continues for some distance and ends in a gable pierced with windows of the same period as the hall (Fig. 3). Above one of them a sundial was inserted at a later date. The whole of this part of the house must have been devoted to the family, but its purposes are obscured by the subdivision into cottages. The room on the first floor, with the four-light window and sundial over it, may have been the great chamber.

The back of this main wing is plainer than the front, but is quite pleasing. In the middle is the garden door placed exactly opposite the front door at the further end of the entrance passage or "screens," therein following the usual ancient disposition. To its right are the windows of the buttery and kitchen with those of bedrooms above; and round the corner the great kitchen chimney occupies the middle of the gable. To the left of the garden door is the chimney of the hall, finished, so far as its mass is concerned, with a pitched roof and small gable. Beyond is a small projecting wing which contains a panelled room on each floor.



Copyright.

5.—THE ENTRANCE DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The back of the half-timber wing presents a picturesque group of gables and chimney, additional interest being gained by the return of the half-timbering along one flank; the framing indicates that there was once a window in the middle of the flank immediately under the eaves.

Within doors there is not much of interest beyond the "screens" and the hall. Some of the rooms retain ordinary panelling of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and a few

cusped in the late Gothic manner, and is an uncommonly good example of its kind (Fig. 5). On throwing it open the massive screen of the hall appears on the right, cutting off a portion of the floor space for the purpose of a passage leading straight through to the garden door. On the left of this passage were the doors which led to the kitchen and buttery; the latter still remains, and is that at which the enquiring visitor now knocks for information, and becomes aware that it is the front



Copyright.

6.—THE HALL SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

touches in the plasterwork; but the conversion of the place into small tenements has introduced modern division walls which have no interest themselves and lessen that to be derived from the original arrangements which they necessarily obscure. The hall, however, is a notable apartment, retaining its original screen (Fig. 6) with a gallery over it, a fine open fireplace, and some good stained glass panels in the windows. The front door, which leads into the entrance passage or "screens," is panelled and

door of one of the tenements. Overhead are the stout beams which carry the floor of the gallery. The hall is entered through a door in the middle of the screen, and beyond is another arched opening, which appears originally to have served the purpose of a window, and not, as one might suppose, that of another entrance. This, if correctly interpreted, is an unusual feature. Ancient screens generally had two entrances or doors, as may be seen in many college halls at Oxford and Cambridge; they

were placed at a little distance on each side of the centre line. But the door here is practically on the centre line, and the second opening appears never to have gone down to the floor, nor would it have had particular meaning or use if it had.

On passing through the screen the large and lofty hall is entered. It has two tiers of low windows, of which the effect is less striking than would have been that of lofty windows reaching to the roof; but it was not every country mason who was prepared to design or execute a lofty window. The walls are covered up to the top of the lower windows with panelling of the Jacobean period, and it is interesting to compare this work, consisting of small and shallow panels, with the long, deep-set panels of the earlier entrance screen. At the further end of the hall is the pointed doorway of the staircase, flanked by a recess which not only gave it room, but also probably led to some of the family rooms, now cut off to form a separate cottage. Nearly opposite is the door leading into a small parlour panelled with late seventeenth century panelling, doubtless of the period 1671, when the gable of the porch was built.

The windows contain the panels (Fig. 7) already mentioned, displaying the arms of Ingram and some of its alliances, set within borders with Early Renaissance ornament of cupids and foliage. One panel is dated 1557, which may well stand for the date of the original Late Gothic work; for it is quite usual to find, especially in out of the way places, stone and timber wrought after the old traditional fashion, while little bits of detail, such as glass, follow the newer fashion just coming into vogue.

The door leading to the staircase is a plainer version of the front door and, on being opened, gives a view of the circular stairs, worn with long years of traffic. At present this staircase leads to but one room situated over the panelled parlour, already mentioned, and approached along a narrow passage in the thickness of the end wall of the hall and over the recess by the doorway of the stairs. Formerly, no doubt, it also gave access to the upper rooms beyond that end of the hall, one of which, as already suggested, may have been the great chamber.

On descending the stairs and emerging from the doorway the remainder of the hall is visible, with its fireplace, gallery and roof. The latter is modern and of no architectural interest, but it probably occupies the place of the ancient one. The gallery has a modern balustrade and is reached by a modern and clumsy staircase in the hall, not visible in the illustration. Its floor timbers are original, and its proper doorway of access, now blocked up, is to be seen in the corner. Close to this is an interesting small window, now likewise blocked up. This doorway is of peculiar interest, inasmuch



Copyright. 7.—THE PAINTED GLASS IN THE HALL WINDOWS. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 8.—IN THE HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

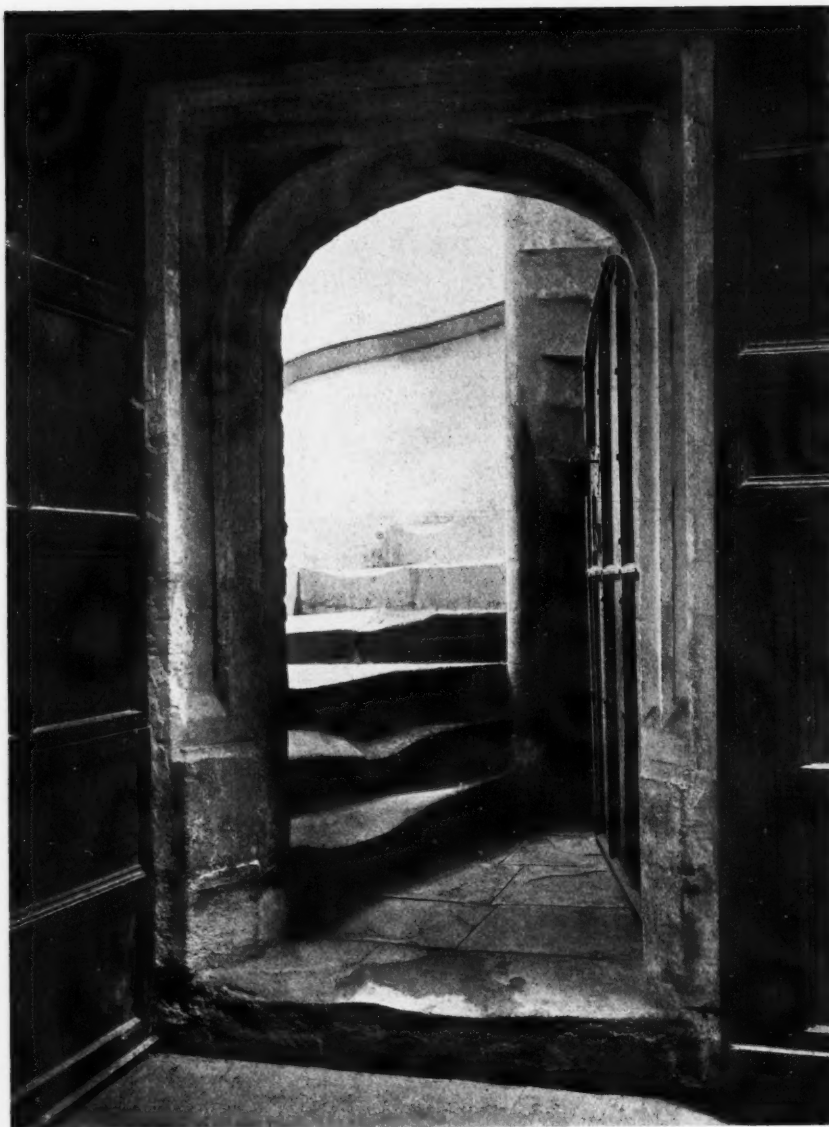
as in most cases the means of access to these old galleries is a matter of conjecture.

The fireplace opening is of the 1557 period, but the ornamental work above it, comprising a shield of arms with a fanciful panel on each side flanked by grotesque figures, is Jacobean work. The arms are those of Ingram impaling Peyto.

The Ingrams had been in possession of a manor at Little Walford since quite ancient times, and it was one John Ingram who owned it in 1557 and who must have built the original house; but there is no record as to his wife's name, nor have the arms which he impaled, or the others which he placed in his windows, been identified. His descendant, Hastings Ingram, who was born in 1598 and married Katherine Peyto about 1620, must have been responsible for the overmantel in the hall

and for the rest of the Jacobean work, presumably about the date of his marriage. This Hastings died in 1665 and was succeeded by his son, also named Hastings, who married Anne Mollins of Westhall in the county of Dorset. He it was who embellished the house in parts in the year 1671, as confirmed by the initials on the porch. He died in 1693, aged seventy-two. Both he and his father were buried at Great Walford, where the church contains tablets to their memory.

On the walls of the hall are a few guns, swords and other arms, together with a number of family portraits, some of which are so bad as to suggest that a scion of the family must have tried his immature hand upon his good-natured



Copyright.

9.—THE NEWEL STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

relatives. There are also pictures of sainted ladies, or lady saints, who must look down in wonder upon the services carried on below—services which are themselves a revulsion from the attitude of mind which caused the saints to be painted.

The illustrations show the hall as a deserted family room; its ordinary arrangement and furnishing is that of a small village chapel, and one wonders what difference there will be in after years between the memories and associations of the children who worship here and those of their friends who worship within the less picturesque and more conventional walls of the customary chapel.

Little Walford, indeed, provokes many reflections on the changes which have taken place since it was built: the disappearance of a family, eminent in its day, and one

which loved to modernise its home from time to time; the seats of the mighty now occupied by the lowly; the pomp of heraldry, now chiefly attractive as giving clues to the history of those who blazoned their arms in the window; the festive hall of men of one faith now the place of worship of those of another. And not alone in the hall are these changes recorded, for the village well is partly built of wrought stone from some destroyed portion of the manor house. Cusped window-heads, laid upside down on severed fragments of a shield of the Ingram arms adorned with Jacobean carvings, hint of rooms once finely embellished which have entirely disappeared save for these relics rudely handled by an uncomprehending mason.

J. A. GOTCH.

AFRICA

The hearts of men are hotly set a-glowing
 With love of thy sweet face, thy mystic eyes
 In languor steeped, and thy eternal guise
 Of sun-born robes around thy fair form flowing—
 A deep, a lasting love they are bestowing
 On all thy lands, from where the old Nile lies
 To where, far southwards, thy feet proudly rise:
 Men knowing thee are happy in the knowing.
 Enchantress yet thou art! A maid Circean,
 Of whom thy lovers sing their praise and pæan;
 Drawn by thy warm, albeit fevered, breath,
 Thy silent, eerie forests, old in story,
 Thy endless plains, and lone hills lit with glory—
 They gladly find in thee their Life and Death!

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

PORTRAITS AND REMINISCENCES OF THE HALLS OF DUNGLASS

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

SIR JAMES HALL, fourth baronet of Dunglass, whom Reynolds painted soon after he came of age in 1782, is perhaps most interesting to us as being the first Englishman Napoleon ever met. But he has further claims to our recollection, as also have other members of his family and

their Berwickshire estate. The latter is the Ravenswood of the "Bride of Lammermoor," and the Wolf's Crag of Scott's novel is Fast Castle, of which the ruins still crown the jutting rock that ends the six miles of picturesque coast line forming the eastern boundary of the lands of Dunglass. To Sir Thomas de Home the estate came by marriage when Robert III ruled Scotland at the close of the fourteenth century, and with the Earls of Home, barons Dunglass, it remained until about the time when King Robert's descendant, James, ceased to be the Second of England and the Seventh of Scotland.

John Hall, the new owner, was a prominent citizen of Edinburgh and of other Scottish towns where he had large commercial ventures. It is as John Hall of Grazerook that he becomes a burgher of Dundee in 1675, but in 1687 he is created "baronet of Dunglass." Two years later he is Provost of Edinburgh, and he represents the city in Parliament until his death in 1697. No portrait of him has come down to us, but Cornelius Janssen the younger painted his brother William, Clerk of the Sessions in Edinburgh, representing him, as the illustration shows (Fig. 1), as a serious, pale-faced man in armour. Sir John's son, James, second baronet, employed Allan Ramsay to paint his daughter Kitty's portrait just before the young artist of twenty-three set out for Italy in 1736. Thus it is his father, Allan Ramsay, the poet, who gives the following receipt for 3 guineas, written on a slip of paper 6½ ins. long by 3½ ins. wide.

5th May 31 1736
Received from Jn. Leffley in name of Mr James
Home Writer to fight Three Guineas for Miss Kitty.
Halls picture by my son Allan Ramsay

Thirty years later, Ramsay was still at work, being kept busy by George III's "inveterate habit" of giving away full length portraits of himself and his Queen.

The maiden with flowing hair (Fig. 2) of 1736 became in 1743 the wife of William Hamilton of Bangour, the Jacobite poet, who, being implicated two years later in the affair of the Young Pretender, had to fly to France, where he, and his son



1.—MR. WILLIAM HALL.

Brother to Sir John Hall, First Baronet. Painted by Cornelius Janssen the younger, *temp.* Charles II.



2.—MISS KITTY HALL, AFTERWARDS MRS. WM. HAMILTON.
Daughter of Sir James Hall, Second Baronet. Painted by Allan Ramsay in or before 1736.



3.—MISS ISABELLA HALL.

Aunt and guardian to Sir James, Fourth Baronet. Painted by Sir Henry Raeburn in or before 1791.

after him, settled at Brienne. "Kitty's" brother became lord of Dunglass a year before her marriage. It is not clear whether it was a continuance of his grandfather's commercial interests that led to his being admitted "a Burges & Gildbrother" of Glasgow in 1751, as is testified by a parchment roins. square with a border of printed scrollwork coloured by hand. At the back, treated in the same manner (Fig. 4), are the arms of Glasgow, and written below are the words:

Sir John Hall Baronet
His Ticket of Glasgow
 1751

Sir John, third baronet, died in 1776, before his son James came of age, and it was decided that the latter should go abroad to complete his education. His cousin, the younger William Hamilton, was still residing at the Château of Brienne, and the little baronet was sent out to him, as the famous Military School was at hand for classes. While thus occupied in 1778, there came to the school a small Corsican boy, eight years his junior, who was destined to make history. Some forty years later, when the Brienne cadet, having passed through the phases of general, consul and emperor, had become a captive, Sir James's second son, Captain Basil Hall, explorer, scientist and man of letters, on his way home from a mission to China, called in at St. Helena and obtained an interview with Napoleon. He wrote out an account of the interview, of which an abridged version was printed in 1818. But the original manuscript being found at Dunglass by the present Lady Hall, she transcribed it with added notes, and it appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1912. There we learn that as soon as the fallen Emperor heard the name of his visitor he exclaimed:

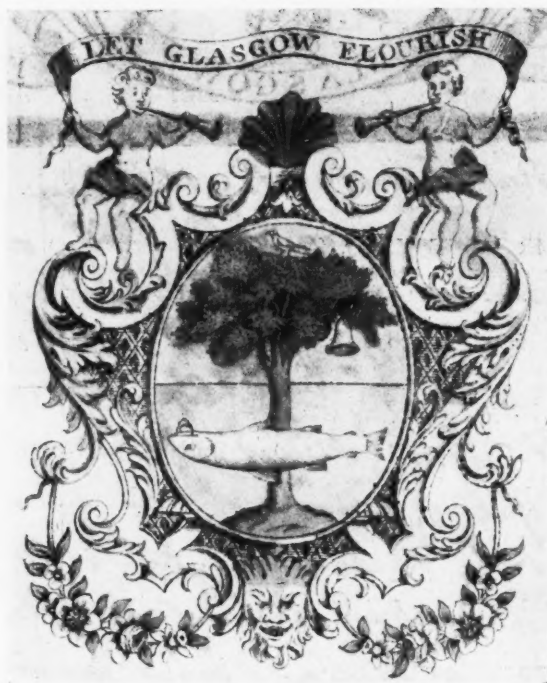
Ah—Hall. I knew your father at Brienne. He was there learning French, and reading mathematics. He was very fond of mathematics and liked to converse on the subject. He did not mix much with the young men at the college—he lived principally with the priests, apart from us.

Captain Hall expressing "surprise at his recollecting any individual for so long a time," Napoleon answered, "Oh, it is not in the least extraordinary because he was the first Englishman I ever saw."

Sir James was home before he came of age in 1782, and we read in Leslie and Taylor's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds" that:

On the 13th of June 1783 Sir James Hall paid Sir J. Reynolds fifty guineas for his portrait and four guineas for the frame.

The high-browed young man of twenty-two has his hair lightly powdered, and wears a light brown velvet coat over a white waistcoat (Fig. 6). Three years later he married Helen, a daughter of the fourth Earl of Selkirk, and she was soon after painted by Raeburn. He had returned from Rome in 1787 and was in the heyday of his popularity as a portrait painter. All "society" Scotland must have flocked to his Edinburgh studio if it is true that he painted some



4.—ARMS OF GLASGOW.

Hand-coloured print at the back of the parchment testifying to the admission as a burges of Sir John Hall, Third Baronet.

600 pictures. But he kept no diary or accounts, and a complete catalogue of his work is impossible. That Lady Helen Hall's



5.—LADY HELEN HALL.

Daughter of the fourth Earl of Selkirk and wife to Sir James Hall, Fourth Baronet. Painted by Sir Henry Raeburn in or before 1791.

portrait is by him was freely admitted, but that a painting of her husband's aunt, Isabella, was also from the same brush was never recognised until the present Lady Hall found a slip, a shade larger than the Ramsay receipt and impressed with a 4d. stamp, which states :

Edin. 15th March 1791 Received from Sir James Hall Bart. the sum of two hundred guineas for a portrait of Lady Helen Hall and another of Miss Hall, with a further sum of twelve guineas in consideration of some former work Henry Raeburn

What the "former work" was is unknown, but the receipt establishes the authorship of the two portraits now illustrated (Figs. 3 and 5), and shows that even when his reputation was made his charge for a picture some 2ft. by 2ft. 6ins. was only 12 guineas. Both are admirable. The elder woman, who had been guardian to her nephew during his minority, displays a kindly firmness fully borne out by the broad sympathy and strength of character that appear in her surviving correspondence. The recent bride has charm and sweetness, rendered, however, with all Raeburn's directness and breadth of brush.

Sir James Hall's boyish fondness for mathematics gave him a scientific bent of mind, and he became President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and Vice-President of the Scottish Antiquaries. Dying in 1832, he was succeeded by a son, whose grandson, the present and ninth baronet, stimulated, perhaps, by his ancestor's early association with Napoleon, is



6.—SIR JAMES HALL, FOURTH BARONET, AGED 22.
Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1783.

the most informed and scholarly English writer on the French Revolutionary period.

THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS

BY MARY DUCLAUX

I WAS born at No. 14, Milverton Crescent in Leamington on the 27th of February, 1857. But the first three or four years of my life are as though they had not been. I was a reflective dreamy child, dimly groping after an inner reality, and singularly devoid of the spirit of observation; so that the dawn of childhood, painted with such bright and lovely colours for some artistic natures, was wrapped in mist for me. I can remember nothing of my sister's birth or babyhood, though she has always filled so large a place in my life. I keep no image of her, or me, or anyone or anything, until one sudden gleam lights up the grey of that distant Past, and, like a picture, I see our garden gate, and a tall young man by it (for he seemed to me tall though he was but of middle height) opening it to go out and smiling back at some unseen person in the house behind us. A voice, coming from that quarter, says: "They look just like two white butterflies" and I realise suddenly that the white butterflies are my sister and myself, dressed in our starched white piqué frocks and capes, going out, evidently, for a Sunday walk with papa.

Mamma was probably unwell, since she stayed at home. She was often unwell; it seemed to me natural; and, though I was deeply and dearly fond of mamma and quite (as she used to say) "a Mammie's girl," I took her illnesses quietly. The strange thing is that no image of my beautiful and darling mother impressed itself upon my baby mind. Yet I remember Grandmamma Robinson, my father's mother, who died when I was barely five years old. I cannot, I think, have been much more than three when I saw her, that day, waiting for the basket carriage with its long-tailed ponies, Tom and Jerry; she looked a quaint, sloping-shouldered little figure, negligently wrapped in a patterned shawl; she had blonde, delicate features, and, as I thought, a sort of gracefulness, though I have since been told she was, with her untidy careless ways, rather a figure of fun. At that time my grandparents still lived in Leamington, in Binswood Avenue, which they left (I suppose about 1861) in order to inhabit, the whole year round, my grandfather's new property of Rowington, seven miles beyond Warwick. I loved Binswood Avenue, its twilight melancholy air, the dead leaves in which one could shuffle

ankle deep, their damp, delicious smell, and the blackbeetles which (to the horror of "Old Emma," our nurse) one could push down the round opening of one's glove, to warm their cold and crawling bodies between one's palm and the kid. "But Miss Mary is so *pre-verse*, there's no telling!" Old Emma would say in complaint.

I must have been between three and four when Mabel fell ill of gastric fever, and I can just remember her, lying on a pillow across our mother's knee, no longer a little playmate, turned two, but just a wailing baby again. I was allowed to bring her apples, choosing them small and round, so that she might clench on the cool polished fruit, the fever of her burning palms. I stood watching, deeply interested; and thenceforth my dolls were prone to gastric fever. But, at this early stage, dolls were not yet the objects of passionate devotion that they became between seven and fifteen. I liked books long first, and could read at five years old anything indiscriminately that fell into my clutches. I loved books and flowers and Mabel loved animals before we were sufficiently developed to enter into the dramatic life of toys.

Of our house in Milverton Crescent I remember very little beside the garden gate and a wonderful bright-red flower, a *Pyrus japonica*, that grew up the wall of the house, divided from my longing grasp by a chasm, which was, I imagine, a sort of small kitchen area, or ditch, before the basement window. I remember, too, in the dining-room, between the window and the fire, a comfortable curlywiggy sofa where mamma often sat; and, on the wall, a paper which I thought a joy for ever. It was white divided into panels by strips of a gay design of flowering red-currant or ribes. There were red-hung bushes of ribes in the garden. To find their image on the dining-room wall was a wonder, a recognition, a delight.

About this time I have one very vivid vision, so distinct that throughout my life at intervals it has come back to me in dreams. My father was driving us out into the country, Mabel, me and the nurse. I imagine that, as often happened, he must have been restoring some old church or manor house in the neighbourhood and had seized the chance of giving his little girls an airing. The vision of memory shows the horse resting, and ourselves encamped under the hedge where nurse

was bestowing on her charges some infantile refreshment. On the further side of the hedge there stretched a wood, one of those slender woods that in Warwickshire are called "spinneys." Now, there was a gap in the hedge, which I was not slow to discover; and soon I was in Fairyland: little young leaves all a-twinkle overhead, and round my feet a sea of bluebells—deep blue wild hyacinths—filling all the floor space. How beautiful they were! How passionately I loved them and longed to be one with them! I threw myself face downwards on the blossoms and hugged them and tugged at them with eager little hands—yet could not, *could* not, get any nearer to the blueness and the scent of them. Alas I had only crushed and ruined the flowers, and covered my hands and frock with horrible squashy, sticky juice. No wonder that Old Emma, suddenly intervening, brought me back to reality with a smart shake and an angry voice! It was not that which grieved me, but the sense of separateness—of the un-get-ableness of the beautiful flowers. *That* sank deep and remained. Never have I forgotten that early disenchantment.

It was about this time, I suppose, that Grandmamma Robinson died. Mabel and I, one winter afternoon, had established our quarters in the dining-room of our house in Milverton Crescent. Papa had been laid up for many weeks with rheumatic fever, and mamma, as usual, was upstairs with him. What was our surprise when the door opened and they both appeared, he changed, pale, lame, clinging to the chairs and tables for support as he moved along, summoned from his bed of pain to his mother's death-bed. When he returned we were told that she was "gone." We were fitted with neat black frocks. In crises like this Mabel (as a rule my docile follower) became the leading spirit. At four years old she had already a way of "sizing up" things, persons, situations of which I was quite incapable. I remember her saying that we should find things changed at Rowington. "You'll see," she added, looking wise, mysterious and diplomatic.

"See what?" say I, vaguely.

"Oh well—lots of things! For one, we shan't be given eggs and bacon for breakfast" (this had been a great grown-upish delight). "We shall be given eggs *or* bacon." The next visit to Rowington proved that Mabel was right.

We had another grandmother, a beautiful old lady, straight, slim, severe, who lived at a village in Staffordshire, called Wombourne, with my mother's maiden sister, my godmother, Auntie Agnes. One summer we went there to stay. I dimly remember the gardener, and the garden and a brook that ran through it, shallow and purling, and suddenly went down into a very deep spot. Mabel was a pious child, full of Bible stories. One day she was telling of the Israelites miraculously crossing the Red Sea.

"And why shouldn't *we* cross the brook in the garden," said I, "where it goes into that deep place? We can pray first!"

Mabel demurred that it was not quite the same thing.

"Nonsense," I cried, and off were my stockings. And off, too, was I, Mabel following reluctantly as one who doubted the wisdom of the proceeding, yet unwilling to go back upon her Bible. We were still mid-stream, but approaching the deep place, when Auntie Agnes, who had seen us from her window, flew to the rescue and saved us, with a slap, from a watery grave.

Mabel from her earliest infancy was a religious child, I much less so; and yet I had spiritual experiences of my own. I think all children have; religion and poetry dawn on their consciousness before prose and reason. But children have to find out for themselves both the feelings and the words which express them; the two discoveries are not always (nor indeed often) simultaneous. Hence they tell us so little of their deeper life: they cannot; they catch at our phrases and repeat them, as we all do when trying to converse in a foreign language. Nothing would be more interesting to a psychologist than to hear a child express in its own terms the dawn of the religious idea. But who shall seize that secret fibre or bring to the light of day that unsuspected source?

I remember that after bedtime in the dark, when I used to tremble in my little bed with a vague nocturnal terror (and indeed all my life I have preferred a night-light), I would poke the bedclothes into a stiff arch till they stood high above me in an ogive, and then lie flat beneath it, ceasing to breathe; and, when I could do this no longer, I would draw several deep breaths repeating to myself: "The Peace of God"—perhaps the only words which I retained of the Church service. And often indeed the Peace of God would seem to descend into my timid soul, dilating it deliciously with a sense of security, the rapture of a divine embrace: "Our Father" seemed to bend above me, symbolised by the ogive of the blanket. And that

mystical sense of communion with the Infinite has ever since been my form of spiritual experience, assisting me from time to time in hours of danger, anguish or distress like a mysterious echo of the little child's dumb prayer to the invisible Mercy on the further side of Life.

I was between five and six, I suppose, when Auntie Agnes married the curate of her parish, the Rev. A. O. Russell, or, rather, "Uncle Alfred," still oftener (for us babies) "Jim Crow." We liked him, adored her; and I was a bridesmaid at their country wedding. Yet, oddly enough, I remember nothing about it, not even that white muslin frock, that wreath of blue forget-me-nots, my wedding garment, of which my sister's retentive eye still preserves the dazzling vision. All that I can recall is the solemn hour of departure. I see myself standing at my mother's bedside—and this is, perhaps, my first distinct and picture-like vision of her, supported on her white pillows, so fresh, so fair, with her lovely curly, abundant chestnut hair, her sweet bright green eyes, as green as water flowing over grass and rather round than long, her pretty arched eyebrows, her delicate features and beautiful clear complexion. I see her white hands, like ivory on the sheet, and remember how ardently I longed not to leave that lovely, familiar and sheltering presence. Yet as she earnestly bids me to be good, "as you always are, dear, when you don't get too excited," warning me against scrapes, reminding me that I was to represent *her* (since she was too ill to leave her room) a sense of dignity and adventure stole into my soul, and I was proud to test the heroic enterprise. And indeed I tried to be good with all my might and main; my faculties were absorbed in the effort (which I believe was successful, for I have never heard a breath to the contrary) so that I noticed nothing save my own conduct, and lost all the life and colour and strangeness of that which should have been a delightful experience.

I see mamma again one afternoon, very clearly, in her walking garments, standing before the counter of a confectioner's shop in Regent Street, giving her orders. It is a hot summer day, and I, perched on a high stool, am clamouring for something to drink, interrupting her business, so that at last she turns to me and says:

"Really, Mary, you have no endurance!"

"Endurance?" I exclaim (fascinated by the word). "What is endurance?" And so intensely interested was I by this new idea, this new moral acquisition, that I forgot my thirst, nor, indeed, cared to drink, eager to see whether I could endure: a great experiment.

I think the inner world always interested me more than the outer; moreover, I was already a lover of words. My pockets would be stuffed with "Notes by Mary" containing badly written lists of pretty words, and rhymes, and derivations. I still remember the indignation with which I listened to the guffaw of our father's friend, James Marshall, when one day I remarked in wise superiority, "If I had two little girls, I should not call them Mary and Mabel, but Chlorodyne and Influenza."

After Auntie Agnes's marriage Grandmamma Sparrow came to live in Leamington in a little house in Heath Terrace, and she and I became the closest friends. She was a dignified old lady, small, spare, slim, as straight as if she had swallowed the poker; in the back-view, you might have taken her for a young woman. But her hair was snow-white, in thick cannon-curls round a square forehead: the cheeks, too, were square, and smooth as marble; they had fallen and bagged below the jaw in little dewlaps which Mabel and I admired immensely. She had rather small eyes, very keen and bright and blue, deep set beneath a handsome frontal arch; she had a straight nose, rather broad, like that in the portraits of Madame de Sevigné (grandmamma was of French descent), and her beautiful mouth had a severe and melancholy droop that suddenly flashed into a fascinating smile. In the family, and as a rule, grandmamma was rather admired and respected than tenderly cherished, for her spirit was high, her tongue could sting and her blue eyes were as sharp as steel. But we children had no fear of her and, at this time of my life, she spoiled me as perhaps no one ever was to spoil me until I married James Darmesteter. In my differences and conflicts with the world at large she always took my part and nearly always thought me in the right. Yet, on first acquaintance, she had not been enthusiastic. "As common a little child as could be picked up in any alley," was her verdict when first introduced to the queer little black-a-top of a baby produced by her beautiful daughter. But now all that was changed: "Mary was a remarkable child." She seemed to me all wisdom and justice, and I fled to her in my woes as to a final Court of Appeal.

(To be continued.)

A BOOK-LOVER'S LORE

JUDGING from the evidence of this volume* the author belongs to that lovable type of bookworm of which Charles Lamb is the best example. He bears no relationship to those moderns who aspire to make a great library and either in person or through their agents attend the book sales and pay enormous prices for books with a pedigree. They gloat over the purchase of some volume that was sold, say, for half a crown in the eighteenth century and mounted up in succeeding sales to four figures in the twentieth. One is inclined to be sceptical as to whether such a collector does or does not possess any genuine love of books for their own sake. They cannot all be condemned, because we know many who, like the late Lord Acton, were bibliophiles and students as well as collectors. But a tendency of the day is to introduce the commercial element into book-buying just as in other collecting, the principle acted upon being to buy anything sure not to decline in value. A century ago things did not happen like that. Relics of former ages were kept, to a great extent, in their original homes, and only connoisseurs bought articles that appealed to them by reason of their age or beauty. Many prices made then appear ridiculous now that there exists a rage for old furniture and articles of *vertu*. Books were not like other things in this respect. Their value was appreciated by only a very few, and accordingly many rare tomes now worth their weight in gold lie about in English country mansions. We had an example of that the other day when at this late hour a new Shakespeare text was discovered, and the Venerable Bede's "History of the Miracles of St. Cuthbert," that Archbishop Scrope before his execution had borrowed from Durham Cathedral, turned up at an auction and was sold for five thousand pounds. Nevertheless bargains in books may be picked up by anyone who has the requisite knowledge among the musty-looking volumes of an obscure bookshop or even those frequently exposed on a street barrow. The author tells us that he was once outbid at Sotheby's for a scarce volume which, a week later, he found on a barrow in Clerkenwell and bought for fourpence. Adventures among books, like other adventures, come to the adventurous. Records exist of many thousands of books of which not a single specimen is recorded in any library.

We thus distinguish at the first between the buyer at auctions and the buyer from secondhand bookstalls or still more obscure sources. A further analysis of the genus book lover will lay bare other differences. Only here and there does a man collect because he worships books. He is more likely to begin because he takes up a certain subject of investigation and, purchasing a few of the well known authorities, goes on buying and buying till he has a complete library dealing with his subject. Mr. Allan has sorted him out into categories and interspersed his description with amusing anecdotes. He gives first place to the genealogist. Of all the hobbies ridden by the studious the most enchanting is that of the genealogist. The pedigree becomes to him something more sacred than a work of art, and he soon acquires the habit of making a pedigree for every name that comes up in the course of his investigations. Pedigree is to him the greatest thing in life. We were talking once with a most eminent antiquarian whose knowledge of the family histories of his own county is probably unparalleled, and we happened to make the remark that in a well known family the custom had existed for generations of people of the same name getting married. They were mostly cousins or half-cousins. The genealogist waxed wroth and declared it a wicked thing to do. His hearer mildly agreed, with the remark that marriage between relations led to physical unfitness. "Damn the physical unfitness," said the genealogist, "and damn the morality too. What I object to is that there is nothing that so confuses a pedigree as to have a man and wife of the same original name." It was in a famous library that the words were uttered, and like one who is going over familiar ground he took down one brown and ancient-looking volume after another and pointed out the errors in family history that had arisen from this source.

A thoroughgoing genealogist must perforce be a collector of books, but many other enthusiasms produce similar results. Mr. Allan gives the example of a medical man who became so interested in ancient herbals, alchemy, astrology and other subjects bearing or supposed to bear on health that he began to buy every book on the subject that he could lay hands on and thus got together a most curious library. The same thing has often happened in regard to ships. The ancient literature connected with boats, sails, navigation, is very extensive, and when an investigator reaches the Middle Ages the subject becomes vastly extended and more beautiful. We know several men who concentrate all their book worship upon collecting those volumes which tell something about shipping old and new. Another

kind of reader is he who is chiefly concerned to ascertain all that can be known of the locality with which he is connected. He may have in his eye a whole county. He may concentrate on a village or a hamlet. The churches may appeal most to him, and if disdaining all these he takes to investigating the history of the land, how the existing common land came to be common, how some of the cultivated land was redeemed, who bought and who sold fields and plots and estates, what hands a field has passed through, he engages in a most entrancing study leading far beyond merely commercial transactions. Nobody who has not gone rather deeply into the subject can understand how celebrated and distinguished families got their possessions entwined with those of remote strangers. Chivalry and romance form a separate department in the realm of books. Mr. Allan, after an inevitable reference to the curate of La Mancha, quotes old Roger Ascham as saying in the time of our ancestors, nothing was red, but books of fayed cheualrie, wherein a man by red'nee, should be led to none other ende, but onely to manslaughter and baudrye.

There is this reason for collecting books about chivalry, that Britain has been prolific in fighting heroes of the tribe of Launcelot and the heroes of Arthur's Round Table. It is very difficult to believe that these are mythical. Had they been so, how is it possible that the traditions of Arthur and the golden-haired Guinevere should have risen up in so many different districts of Great Britain? From Tintagel in Cornwall to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, the country is dotted with places associated by tradition with the shadowy king and queen. Had they existed only in the pages of romance they never could have possessed this kind of local habitation and name. However, that is not exactly germane to the subject. Whether the story was a mere invention or an embroidery upon the deeds of ancient heroes matters little to the book collector.

We are much tempted to linger over one chapter, but to do so would not be just to the author. The collector of books will, in addition to much pleasant discursiveness, find here many practical hints about how to set about collecting. First of all, there are certain books which may be used as guides, such as Burton's "Book Hunter," Blades' "Enemies of Books" and "Life and Typography of William Caxton," "The Library" and "Books and Bookmen," by Andrew Lang, Harrison's "Choice of Books" and "Among My Books," Clark's "Care of Books," Edwards' "Libraries and Founders of Libraries," and many others of equal charm. Indeed, these volumes may well be among the first that he who embarks upon the peaceful sea of book-collecting gathers to himself. Mr. Allan praises very highly and deservedly Mr. A. W. Pollard's "Early Illustrated Books," and suggests that "English Provincial Printers" and the "Printers of Westminster and London from 1476 to 1535," Bradshaw's "Collected Papers," Wheatley's "Prices of Books," Professor Ferguson's "Aspects of Bibliography," and the publications of the Bibliographical Society, are all necessary if it is desired to obtain a knowledge of old books. Of the most recent authorities he gives the "Dictionary of National Biography" for an actual list of the published works of all British authors of note, the more detailed bibliographies to each volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" are of great assistance, and there are many other books of a similar kind which the novice will soon find out. Use of them as the Bradshaws of book-collecting will save many a futile journey. The directions given by Mr. Allan are, as a whole, very practical and to the point. His chapter on the care of books is of no less value. The temptation of those who do not know is to be too careful. A warning story is told of a peer who decided to get what he could for six or seven Caxtons which had descended to him with the ancestral library.

As, however, the volumes were bound in fifteenth century sheepskin (probably in Caxton's house) he thought that their appearance would be rendered rather more attractive if they were rebound first of all. So he sent them forthwith to the local binder; and on their return, now gorgeously clothed in "calf gilt extra" (à la school prize), he despatched them to the London saleroom. The result may be imagined. His foolishness must have robbed him of a sum running well into four figures.

The restoration of books is often more dangerous than the restoration of churches. It would be interesting to dwell on some of the very practical hints given for the making of a simple library, the best means of preserving books from "the moth and rust which doth corrupt," and so on. But space forbids. All that we can do is to assure the lover of books that he will find in the author of this volume a kindred spirit who understands the best methods of preserving books as well as the merits of those that should have a place on the shelves.

* The Book-Hunter at Home, by B. P. M. Allan. (Phillip Allan.)

THE ESTATE MARKET

RIVERSIDE AND SEASHORE HOUSES

NEXT week the full current of business will be resuming its flow, and there will be an eager rush to select dates for auctions of landed and other property in the interval between then and Whitsun.

CEFN MABLY TO BE SOLD.

MESSRS. LOFTS AND WARNER and Messrs. Stephenson and Alexander have received instructions from Lord Wharton to sell the South Wales portions of the Kemeys Tynte estates, about 8,000 acres, including Cefn Mably, between Newport and Cardiff. Cefn Mably was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XXIV, page 738), and the probability that the estate would be sold was foreshadowed in these columns as long ago as November 15th last (page 636). Early in the eighteenth century the marriage of the heiress of the Kemeys family to Sir John Tynte brought the Somerset and South Wales estates into one ownership.

THE TEST: STRIKING SERIES OF SALES.

"THE width of the stream is about seventy feet, of beautiful rapid water, with gentler swims and pools," so says a correspondent informing us of the sale of Abbess Grange, near Stockbridge, one of the finest houses on the Test, a mansion of the Tudor type in lovely gardens, with about 2,000 acres. To a fisherman the words quoted are eloquent. They do not, however, sum up the whole of the attractions of the particular property, for it is also a good partridge shooting place, as many as 500 brace being shot in a season. Abbess Grange is one of five or six first-rate Test properties which Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have recently dealt with. The Test at that point is stocked with trout ranging from 1½ lb. to 5 lb. Timsbury Manor provides 1½ miles of Test fishing, and a mile on both banks of one of the tributaries. The house is in the Queen Anne style, with lawns sloping to ornamental water. There is something almost tantalising in the thought of a place such as Stanbridge Earls, for it adds to the appeal of 1½ miles of trout fishing in the Test the charm of a house clearly dating in parts from the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the dining-room incorporates the chapel of an old religious house. Fishing in the Test would sell anything that could by courtesy be called a house, and here we have a delightful old place that in itself would be prized. It has the added glory of the grand river. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s series of sales would be incomplete without Longparish House, where once lived the incomparable Colonel Peter Hawker. This property has 1,000 acres of land and 3 miles along the Test. The area of land on the Middleton Hall estate (bought by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. for a client) in Longparish is 2,000 acres, and there are 3½ miles of fishing in the Test.

THE OLD "HELL FIRE" CLUBS.

THE white walls of Medmenham Abbey are familiar to every lover of the Thames, and it is interesting news that the house has been put in the hands of Messrs. Mabbett and Edge of Mount Street for disposal. The abbey was founded by King John in 1201 as a cell of Cistercian monks, but in times nearer our own it acquired a very different fame as the headquarters of the Monks of St. Francis, a number of young "blonds" who, travestying Rabelais, formed themselves into an organisation which came to be known as "The Hell Fire Club." The Abbey was purchased about twelve years ago by Sir Rawdon Douglas Dawson, who has greatly beautified and improved it. The property extends to about a hundred and forty acres, and the owner of Medmenham Abbey is also owner of both banks of the Thames to the extent of a mile.

UP THE THAMES.

A LONG frontage to the Thames is also a feature of Purley Park, 4 miles from Reading, a residence which stands in a very beautiful park, and from which fine views of the Chiltern Hills are to be had. Trustees have instructed Messrs. Nicholas to offer the property by auction at an early date.

Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, overlooks the regatta course, and is a stately structure in the Italian style, with 42 acres, much of

which abuts on the river. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are selling Mount Felix with possession on completion of the purchase.

Early in the coming season Messrs. Giddy and Giddy are to submit Burcote House, near Abingdon, a pretty old Georgian residence, with modern additions strictly in keeping with the original portions. The house commands a splendid view over the Berkshire downs, and, though the acreage of the estate is small, only some 28 acres, the Thames skirts the property for a quarter of a mile. Burcote House is a well equipped house with electric light, central heating and a passenger lift. The gardens are perfect, and the Dutch garden one of the best of its size anywhere. The firm has also for sale a small freehold on one of the upper reaches of the river, between Reading and Goring, an old Georgian house and 10 acres, and, in this instance, the contents of the house may be bought with the freehold, if desired.

St. Leonards Hill, Windsor, the magnificent residence of the late Sir Francis Tress Barry, with about 530 acres, which originally formed part of Windsor Forest, is in the market for sale in private negotiation by Messrs. Curtis and Henson. Failing a sale in that way, the estate will probably pass under the hammer in the summer.

The sum of £7,000 is quoted by Messrs. Trollope for a house with pleasant gardens and boathouse in a secluded position on the Thames, between Reading and Oxford, a property of 5 acres.

There is an old Queen Anne house, standing in about 6 acres which are intersected by a stream, five minutes from a favourite reach of the Thames and convenient for Marlow, Henley and Maidenhead. Messrs. Wilson and Co. are the agents.

For those who prefer to rent rather than to buy a property there is an opportunity offered by Messrs. Collins and Collins' announcement that they have a large riverside residence on one of the prettiest stretches of the Thames to be let furnished from June 1st, at 50 guineas a week.

IGHTHAM MOTE TO BE LET.

INTERRUPTING for a moment the review of riverside residences, it may be noted that that very remarkable mediæval house, Ightham Mote, near Sevenoaks (illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. I, page 406 Vol. VII, page 336; and Vol. XXI, page 414), is also to be let, furnished, the agents being Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners.

Riverside freeholds at moderate prices, one of five or six acres, in Oxfordshire, at £7,000, are also for sale by Messrs. Harrods.

Everyone who knows the Thames between Cookham and Marlow will recognise the property of which Messrs. Giddy and Giddy gave an illustration in the supplement of *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 27th. It has an exceptionally long frontage to the river.

That exquisitely proportioned mansion, Caversham Park, with 1,800 acres, embracing five first-rate Thames Valley farms, is to be sold by auction next month in numerous lots by Messrs. Lofts and Warner and Messrs. Simmons and Sons, acting, in conjunction, under instructions from Mr. Jack Crawshaw. The Warren, Caversham, having a total area of about 20 acres, is to be sold at Reading on May 11th by Messrs. Simmons and Sons. The grounds slope to the Thames, to which the property has a frontage of 600ft.

THORPE MANDEVILLE AND PRINCETHORPE.

THORPE MANDEVILLE, Northamptonshire, and **PRINCETHORPE**, Warwickshire, are to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Tuckett, Webster and Co., by instructions from Mr. W. G. P. Kincaid Lennox. The Northamptonshire estate extends to 585 acres and comprises three farms, the Manor House and the lordship of the manor, the history of which can be traced back for 1,000 years. Some early owners, the Maundevilles, gave their name to the parish. In the seventeenth century the manor was held by the Kirton family, who were related to Oliver Cromwell. On one occasion he fortified the manor house, and the mounds and earthworks which were then thrown up can still be traced. The neighbouring manor of Sulgrave is famous as the home of George Washington's ancestors.

Princethorpe comprises in all 538 acres. In common with other parishes in the Hundred of Knightlow it is subject to the curious levy of "Wrath money" or "Ward money." The Knightlow Hundred Moot is held annually at sunrise on Martinmas Eve (November 11th) on the top of Knightlow Hill, and here the steward of the Duke of Buccleuch gathers the assembled company round a hollow stone and proceeds to read the "charter," and as he calls the names of the parishes liable and the amount due, the representatives of the parishes cast the sum into the hollow stone. The levies vary from a penny to 2s. 2d., and amount to 9s. 3½d. The fine for non-payment is £1 for every penny not forthcoming, or the forfeiture of a white bull. The custom has been observed from time immemorial and is of unknown origin, as it is confirmed by Saxon charters.

THE ROYAL OAK SIGNBOARD.

THE ROYAL OAK, Bettws-y-Coed, mentioned in these columns a week ago as to be sold by auction in May by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square, was a favourite abiding place of David Cox, and much of his finest work illustrates its neighbourhood. Turner, Birket Foster, Leader, Frank Holl, Poynter and other artists have subscribed their names to the Royal Oak Visitors' Book, which also has the signatures of Gladstone, John Bright, General Gordon Charles Kingsley, President Roosevelt and a host of others.

PROFITS OF INTENSIVE CULTURE.

TO those interested in intensive gardening on modern lines, "The French Garden," Golden Green, Tonbridge, which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to offer by auction in May, should appeal. There are mushroom houses, glasshouses and specially prepared ground for intensive work. Over £800 per acre per annum has been taken off this garden.

HOUSES ON THE SOUTH COAST.

SEASIDE and other houses in Messrs. Harrods' list for Tuesday next include Darrick Wood, Crofton, the property of Mrs. Davis, in a very picturesque part of Kent, about 1 mile from Orpington Station. The house stands in well wooded grounds of 16 acres, ornamented by a small sheet of water, and adjoins the Darrick Woods. Afton Lodge, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight, comprises a residence well found in every detail, with grounds, stabling and cottages, within a few minutes' walk of the sea, and four miles from the celebrated yachting centre of Yarmouth. To a golfing man it would especially appeal, as the Freshwater links are within half a mile, and the course at the Needles only 2½ miles away. The Knoll, Walmer, the seaside residence of Mr. R. McCall, K.C., is conveniently situated for a golfing man, as the Kingsdown Golf Links are close at hand, while the courses at Deal and Sandown are easily accessible. It is a comfortable residence, with 3½ acres and garage.

WALLOP AND WHITTON, SALOP.

NEXT Wednesday, April 14th, at Shrewsbury, Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen will bring under the hammer a total area of 3,560 acres on the Welsh border of Salop, near Westbury, and 11 miles from the county town, whose glorious old buildings have been recently illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*. Wallop Hall is the central point of the Wallop portion of the property, which extends to 2,800 acres, and the Whitton estate has an area of 760 acres. Wallop is well known for its pheasant shooting, the high-flying birds being very plentiful, and as many as 1,000 have been shot in a single day. There are good golf courses within an easy distance of the estates, at Llanymynech, Church Stretton, Much Wenlock (eighteen holes) and Shrewsbury (nine holes), and hunting may be had with the North and South Shropshire packs. Mr. E. C. W. Severne is the vendor.

Chickerell House, a Georgian residence and 4 acres, has been privately sold by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker. Messrs. Goddard and Smith announce the sale of Kimbolton Lodge, Golders Green, for £6,000.

Mr. Eric H. Anderson of Aberdeen is the buyer of Newtonhall and Gillybrands, a Kincardineshire estate of one square mile, of which 600 acres are arable. The gross rental is £1,100 a year.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DANCING ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Miss Constance Holme, in her interesting article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 28th, discusses, in an account of the revival of the Grasmere Play, the institution of local drama in our English villages. But there is also a great revival, coming from the people, of the old folk-dances which are classified under the three distinct types, country, morris and sword dancing. Of these three the most popular, in the true meaning of the word, is the country dancing. Morris and sword are, properly speaking, for men only and are more or less "professional" in their strictest sense. Some of the steps are very intricate and the forms complicated. But country dancing is folk-dancing in its truest sense. Its figures have come down to us from earliest times, as in Gathering Peascods, when the running in and clapping hands high above the head was an act of worship to the tree round which it was danced. Men and women take equal part in these figures. The steps are simple, the forms easy to learn, while there is a free "play" about the dances very opposite to the precise stepping of the morris. Indeed, one of the most attractive features is the purity and freedom of the movements, which give a very natural grace to the performers. Neglected for many years, since they declined from the Court to the village green, these old dances with their quaint names were recently rescued from oblivion by the English Folk Dancing Society. In the present furious revival of dancing there seems no reason why they should not be restored to their ancient prestige, with great advantage to the ball room. It is not so long since "Sir Roger de Coverley" was always included in the programme, and many of the "progressives," such as "Haste to the Wedding," the "Butterfly," the "Mary and Dorothy," make a pretty spectacle as well as being a delight to dance. The garrulous Mr. Pepys records that King Charles, being surfeited with the Spanish and French dances then in vogue at the Court, on one occasion "did call for the good old English Country dance 'Cuck-olds all awrye'" and danced it himself with great gusto. This, under its other title of "Hey, Boys, Up Go We," has come down to us in the book of Country Dances published by the E.F.D. Society with "Ruffy Tufty," the "Black Nag," "Goddesses," "Dargason," "Jenny Pluck Pears," "Mage-on-acree," "If All The World Were Paper," and others equally quaintly named. I have lately been present at the formation of a country dancing club in one of our South Country villages. Besides twenty children and babies, who formed a separate class which included singing games, nearly thirty grown-up people joined too, many of whom had been members, when children, of a class held there before the War and who were delighted to pick up the threads of their craft again. "There's more in these old dances than in the modern ones," said one of the young men of the village to me (he was an excellent modern dancer, by the way). "Each of these has its own particular tune, and directly you hear the tune played you can pick up the dance again; but in this modern dancing, when practically any dance can be danced to any tune, if you forget your steps, you're done. There's no science in it." A team sent out from this class recently won the banner offered at a county exhibition, where in their picturesque gala costume of cretonne dresses, white fichus and rush hats for the girls, and smocks and red stockings for the men, they made a pretty spectacle. The women's institutes are doing much to revive this old English folk-dancing and singing, and they have the villages behind them. No country can pass through a great and stirring period such as the late War and remain stagnant. We have now to keep alive newly aroused intellect, to give it something satisfactory to feed upon in play no less than in work. Pleasure and recreation people will have nowadays. Let one form of it be a pleasure that is also a true art, a national self-expression as typified in the old English folk-singing and folk-dancing which once gained for us the sobriquet of "the dancing English."

—GUENN F. NEWNHAM.

GUINEA FOWLS FOR PROFIT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have often wondered why our farmers do not keep more guinea fowls as a profitable

investment. The eggs are greatly relished by all who know what they are as a breakfast addition and for culinary purposes; and many, when they can get them, prefer them to hen's eggs. Few farmers keep them, though most know that they are no more trouble, except that they are more delicate of habit and require a little more attention than ordinary poultry, though on one farm I know they get the same attention as other fowls and are none the worse for it. One farmer's wife who used to supply me with butter and eggs used to add a dozen or so of pea fowl eggs and these were always warmly welcomed. Perhaps the objection is that guinea fowls do not lay eggs as liberally as the domestic fowl. Yet it does not seem as if keepers are willing to bestow more care on the guinea fowl and so give them a "fair chance" and see what they can really do. There is profit in them and they are worth keeping if only as ornaments.—JUPA.

EARLY SPRING MIGRANTS IN SWITZERLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The weather on the Lake of Geneva has been exceptionally mild this spring and probably owing to this the migratory warblers are arriving very early. At Lausanne on March 5th I saw

the chiff-chaff in numbers and they continued to sing till a spell of cold and stormy weather arrived on the 8th. On March 23rd I heard several blackcaps, not in full song, but tuning up. I believe the latter bird seldom appears in England till April is well advanced. It will be interesting to hear when these two species are first heard in England this year. I also saw two gold crests at Lausanne on March 12th.—J. B. WATSON.

DEEPDENE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You recently had an interesting note on your "Estate Market" page on the fact that the famous Deepdene, near Dorking, was to be turned into an hotel. Perhaps you would care to publish two photographs of the house. One gives a view of it where it stands in that "most pleasant and delightful solitude for house, garden and bosques." In the other is shown a carved panel in the hall of Faith, Hope and Charity. It is the only panel now left and has, alas! a crack which can be seen right across the photograph. A garden that has been praised by Evelyn and Aubrey has an almost sacred quality in the eyes of those who love gardens. It is to be hoped that the hotel keepers, whoever they may be, will deal with it reverently.—M. R. D.



DEEPDENE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



"FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY," A CARVED PANEL IN THE HALL.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF DERELICT EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of interest for your readers. It is of a very curious collection of the eggs of the black guillemot that I found last August on a small Hebridean island. The four eggs shown were hidden away among some "scree," and were of various ages. Owing to the shelter of the stones they had kept their coloration, but some were several years old, and were as light as a



A THIEF'S FORGOTTEN HOARD.

newly blown fresh egg. Beside the whole eggs, several remains of smashed egg shells, some of them in very small pieces were lying. It would seem that the eggs had been carried to their hiding place by some animal and then forgotten, though what animal that could have been, it is difficult to imagine, for the island was a very small one.—SETON GORDON.

AN INTERESTING FOSSIL TREE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a large fossil tree which has been exposed in a ganister quarry near Stanhope in Weardale, County Durham. The quarry is on the heather moors at an altitude of 1,500ft., and the tree was found embedded in the rock about 20ft. from the surface. The fossil tree is of special interest

owing to its being found standing upright on its roots. It measured roughly 4ft. in height and 3ft. in diameter. From its position it is supposed that the tree was probably silted up with sand. It would be interesting to know what species of tree this was and when it



A FOSSIL TREE FOUND IN A DURHAM QUARRY.

flourished. The ground would no doubt then be at a much lower level.—H. W. BURNUP.

A SCENE FROM ANGUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may be interested in the enclosed photograph, which illustrates the sort of place



ANGORA GOATS THRIVING ON A BLEAK CALIFORNIAN ISLAND.

that must have been in the mind of Violet Jacob when she wrote the poem beginning:

Tib, my auntie's a deil to wark
Has me risin' afore the sun,
Aince her heid is abune her sark
Then the clash o' her tongue's begun!

The scene is from her own dear Land of Angus.—G.



PIGS IN ANGUS.

FARMING THE ANGORA GOAT IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On a bleak little island in Mono Lake, in California, over a mile and a quarter above sea level, surrounded by America's loftiest mountains, the Sierra Nevadas, is a herd of angora goats, totalling about a thousand. The water in the lake is said to be poisonous, but on the island there is a large spring which supplies the goats with the water they need. For the most part the pasturage is merely rough scrub and the winter climate decidedly trying. The fact is the general impression that the angora only flourishes in a warm climate is wrong, as the story of the introduction of the angora into the United States proves. It was in 1848 when nine of the finest angoras from the Royal herd in Turkey were sent by the order of the then Sultan as a present to Dr. James B. Davis, of South Carolina. It appears that the doctor visited Turkey in the early part of 1848 to conduct some experiments in the culture of cotton. The Sultan, being anxious to express his appreciation of the doctor's services, sent him some angora goats, which were the nucleus of the vast herds that now roam over America, totalling some sixty thousand. But the introduction of the angora into America has revealed many interesting facts. The animal is very hardy and thrives as well—some farmers say better—in the colder regions as it does in the warmer climate of the South. Then the angora is practically immune from all diseases. It will thrive and prosper where sheep and cattle would starve to death. Not so long ago a wealthy Kansas farmer imported a herd of 200 angoras to test their merits as land clearers. They were placed in a certain area of land that had been wired off

and left to their own devices. Naturally, the animals first cleared off what was to them the most luscious and appetising verdure; but as this was, in a very short time, all devoured, they soon turned their attention to the coarser pasture. A daily observation was kept, and according to the report, the goats, after eating up all the grass, tackled elm, dewberry, and the crab apple class of bushes as being the most tasty, while the hickory and ash were left to the last. The last-mentioned small trees the goats barked with their horns. The animals did not display any appreciable fondness for any particular weed beyond the dock leaf, and they scoured the pasture for this dainty. "The rapidity and thoroughness with which the animals cleared the ground," continues the report, "were most remarkable. When the goats had passed over the expanse there was scarcely a green leaf left behind them. The weeds were cropped close to the ground; all the leaves were devoured off the bushes; the trees had been barked as high as the animals could reach, and even the young shoots and tender branches had been consumed. The animals cleared the land at the rate of forty acres in twenty days, an average of two acres a day, which was considerably quicker than would have been accomplished by machinery or manual effort. Then the fleece of the angora is a very valuable commodity. From six to nine pounds weight of fleece is obtained from a full grown specimen every season. The price received for this fleece, or mohair, as it is technically called, depends entirely upon its quality. Those who imagine that the angora is practically valueless when dead are mistaken. Its pelt has a commercial value, and the carcase also has its price in the meat market. The milk of the angora has also been declared by scientists to be richer than donkeys' milk.—H. J. S.

THE UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

"SIR," said Mr. Staple, "I am a Deller—a Dingley Deller. I cannot lay claim to the honour of forming an item in the population of Muggleton; nor, sir, I will frankly admit, do I covet that honour." I am like Mr. Staple. I do not covet the honour of having been at Oxford, and I propose to glory in an indecent and unrestrained manner in the victory of Cambridge at Sunningdale. And really if ever there was a good excuse for such partisanship, this year's golf match provided it. Poor Cambridge had no links of their own; they had no club till half way through the October term, and they apparently had no players, for they got sadly beaten time after time. Oxford, on the other hand, had two magnificent golfers in Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley, and seven other players over whom the fame of these two young champions had cast a glamour. The betting at one time was anything you liked to one on Oxford, and personally I must admit that, though I knew Cambridge had improved out of knowledge and that the Oxford idol had to some extent feet of clay, yet could not really believe in a Cambridge victory. When, therefore, they did win, and that by 6 matches to 3, there was some justification for the exhibition of genuine delight—the dancing and shouting and waving—given by a number of comparatively middle-aged gentlemen who ought, doubtless, to have known better. And here before saying anything else about the match, may one old Cambridge captain be allowed to pay a tribute of respect and admiration to his successor of to-day. Mr. Johnstone has had every kind of difficulty to contend with, and his uniform cheerfulness, energy and keenness have overcome them all. He himself had to play against one who is a better golfer than himself, Mr. Wethered. He wanted all the good luck he could get, and, in fact, got very little. He was beaten by a pocketful of holes, but I am sure this was all forgotten when Mr. Craigmile holed the putt that won Cambridge the match. He was the inspiration of his side; he made them catch unconsciously early trains from Cambridge in order to play thirty-six-hole instead of eighteen-hole trial matches; he nursed them as an American trainer might tend his pet sprinters; he procured scratch teams of distinguished golfers to come and play training rounds with them before the match. In short, there was nothing that any mortal captain could have done that he did not do, and he got his reward.

By the time these lines appear many accounts will have been written of the series of desperate finishes which sent people running frenziedly between the seventeenth and eighteenth greens. I will not, therefore, describe them again, but will rather try to indulge in some calmer comments on the match. Taking it all round, I do not think the play was strikingly good, and neither team would have made a match with the best of the pre-War sides. They both possessed tails far too decidedly developed. On the other hand, Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley of the losing side need fear comparison with none of their predecessors, and Mr. Tolley played the best golf that has ever been seen in a University match. This is strong language, and perhaps no one has a right to use it who is not aged enough to have seen Mr. Horace Hutchinson and Mr. Alexander Stuart play for Oxford in the dark ages. But in recent times, remembering Mr. Johnny Bramston, Mr. Guy and Mr. Humphrey Ellis, Mr. Robertson Durham, Mr. Gordon Barry, Mr. Hooman, Mr. Beveridge and

Mr. J. S. Humphreys of Oxford and Mr. R. P. Humphries of Cambridge (I write down these illustrious names in no chronological order), I do not think any one of them played in the University match golf of quite the class of Mr. Tolley's. He was so hideously long, so heartbreakingly straight, and did it all with such positively disgusting ease. It is very seldom that a young amateur gives one the feeling that one is watching a professional champion, but that is what Mr. Tolley did, and it is the briefest way of describing his game. Mr. Wethered has played better. Every shot, of course, had the mark of class about it, but he was occasionally very erratic, and, on the whole, allowing for his fine power of recovery, the luck ran with him. If it had been the other way, Mr. Johnstone might have made a much closer match of it. Still, if Mr. Wethered was lucky he took fine advantage of his luck, and his victory marked the end of a really good season's work for his side.

After these two there was a distinct gap, and of the rest I am inclined to give first place to Mr. Hope, who played third for Cambridge. His match with Mr. Beck was the most interesting of the whole day. Both have free and pleasant styles: both hit the ball well without making the wretched spectators feel absolutely puny and contemptible, as Mr. Tolley does: both, especially Mr. Beck, putt well. Mr. Beck nearly brought off a gallant win. All the morning he was struggling, and did very well to be only one down at lunch. He was three down at the turn, and then spurred so well as to square the match with five to go. Mr. Hope was almost gone, but he pulled himself together splendidly, and the way these two "stuck it," with all the Wethered and Tolley crowd flooding in to look at them, might have been the envy of many more experienced golfers. Mr. Beck was a little unlucky with a beautifully struck putt on the fifteenth, but on the other hand he was outrageously lucky to jump a bunker at the sixteenth. (How I hated him for it!) On the whole, Mr. Hope fully deserved his win by 2 and 1, and his play of those last four crucial holes was admirable.

Of the others, Mr. Humphries of Cambridge is a strong and slashing hitter and played much better than he has done lately to beat Mr. Thomas. Mr. Morrison is another very sturdy golfer. He is a natural athlete, as witness his cricket and football, rather than a finished golfer. His style is not graceful and he does unorthodox things with his rather large body, but he has great power, a serene temperament and a capacity of holing doubtful putts, and he stuck to Mr. Tolley very well. Mr. Walls and Mr. Walker of Cambridge are both strong, resolute and a little inelegant. Mr. Craigmile, who played last on the winning side, had one of the most convincing styles of them all. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Burton, the men in the middle of the Oxford side who were supposed to win, were both a little disappointing, though both can sometimes play very well. The tail was decidedly weak, though Mr. Hands and Mr. Mellor showed praiseworthy determination. Finally, the truly wonderful shot of the whole day was that of the Cambridge Mr. Morris (there was a Morris on each side), who laid the most critical mashie shot within three inches of the last hole to win the whole match for Cambridge. He not only laid his own ball dead, but laid his unhappy adversary a dead stymie at the same time, and then looked quite deliciously bored while everyone else was dancing with excitement.

RACKETS AND MR. BAERLEIN

THE rackets of the year, in both the Military and the Amateur Championship meetings, has been far better than could have been anticipated. Prince's Club, however, worked magnificently, in conjunction with most distinguished officers, to make the meeting the enormous success it undoubtedly was. H. R. Halkney ran his programme so smoothly that it was sheer delight. In the Amateur Doubles and Singles the entry was particularly good. It is almost impossible to refuse Mr. E. B. Noel when he uses his full persuasion "for the good of the game." Mr. H. W. Leatham was unable to defend his title, which was a great pity. Mr. Denison was not quite fit enough—but watch him next year. On the other hand, Mr. B. S. Foster came into "the Doubles," damaged eye and all. Mr. Clarence Bruce played with him, and later was glorious in the Singles. Mr. Kershaw came down from Manchester to play with Mr. Baerlein, though it was a great sorrow that he could not carry on in the Singles. Mr. Vane Pennell went in hilariously and with that unbounded confidence which is so magnificent. Had he had another three weeks' practice he might have beaten anybody—but Mr. Baerlein. The meeting introduced a lot of us to two very

brilliant young players, Mr. Simpson of Rugby and Mr. Williams of Eton. I put Mr. Simpson first, because Mr. Baerlein said of him that he would win the Championship in the next three years, if not this year. I think not. Mr. Baerlein thinks that he will be unable to play again after this year. That, however, would be a great pity for the game in general and his opponents in particular. To be beaten by him is a liberal education. It should put points on a young man's game, if he has heart: if he has not, he might as well stop out of the court.

Mr. Baerlein is on the 40 mark, one imagines: he played for Eton in 1898. He smashed his knee—apparently hopelessly—up at Cambridge, slipping on some dust in the tennis court and coming into the wall full-tilt. A wonderful operation sent him back to ball games quicker than any of them. Mr. E. M. Butler may have been as fast, and Williams, the professional, was. No one else that the critics can discover. Mr. Baerlein has played better than he did this year. He is a little slower than he used to be, and he had bad trouble with his knee last year. He "favourites" it still; that is to say, he prefers to keep the weight on the other one and start off that, instead of being quite so perfectly balanced as he used to be. Also, in the rallies,

he puts the ball straighter down the court off an angle or a cross-shot than he used to do. It will be seen at once that I am picking holes in him where I can. It is only because he was, and still is, so extravagantly good. Had the war not intervened he would have beaten H. K. Foster's record by now and retired—in all human probability: a matter of congratulation for the rest of them, as far as the Championship itself is concerned. On the other hand, he serves better than he did, though, I suppose, he would call that "a confession of weakness." He plays in circles—especially off the back-hand—as no other player does. In that way he is the Reggie Spooner of rackets, and in that way he gets his pace. At critical moments he made a mistake or two, which was bewildering; but he always retrieved them, which was expected. At times, when really going for important points, it seemed as if it would be stupid for anyone else to enter next year if he is defending his title. Mr. Clarence Bruce has never played within 5 of the game he put up in the final. His service was the best seen in the court since Mr. F. Dames-Longworth was at his best; better even than Henry Brougham's. Mr. Bruce hit out—his one

hope—and made some glorious shots. But though many people have said that if he had won the first game—which he should have done—he would have won the match, I cannot believe it.

Colonel Wilson-Johnston was too tired after the Military Rackets and Doubles—where he did an enormous amount of work—to play his real game in the Singles. Major Sloggett did not go in, which was a pity. But two very brilliant children, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Williams, were both a delight. Mr. Simpson is a left-hander and the finest stylist ever seen among left-handed players. He has a lot—or nothing—to learn about the game. A lot, if he wants to win Championships consistently: nothing, if he loves pace and the joy of rackets. Mr. Williams is a player who uses his head all the time. He is quick to spot any weakness in his opponent and to pepper it.

One thing I nearly forgot. No fairer player, no player who gave you more room, has ever walked into the court than Mr. Baerlein. Almost he over-does it, but not quite; for it is the spirit of the game, and to pay too great heed to it is impossible.

F. B. WILSON.

THE SEASON'S EARLY TWO YEAR OLDS

IT may not be without interest to breeders and those who care to follow the fortunes of yearlings sold at auction if I refer to some of the two year olds which have already come into prominence in 1920. Napolyon, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes, stands out as an exception, in the sense that he was bred by his owner, Mr. S. B. Joel. From a show ring point of view I would put him first among those seen in public, and my second choice would be Mr. James White's Cylette, second for the Molyneux Stakes at Liverpool. Napolyon's merit, apart from his impressive individuality, is his breeding, for he is by the great and good sire, Polymelus, which I am told, has acquired a new lease of life. His dam, St. Josephine, was got by St. Denis, by St. Simon. She never raced, owing, I believe, to meeting with an accident, but she is a fine big mare, with much Galopin blood in her veins. I cannot discover that she has previously bred anything of merit. Napolyon was her fourth foal and, so far as one can foresee, he should do very well, though it is not usual for the early season winners to train on. Lacrosse, which won the "Brocklesby" last year for Mr. Joel, may prove to be an exception.

Contractor, which won the Lincoln Plate (on the disqualification of Bumble Bee) and then the Little John Plate at Nottingham, is a big framed and rather plain colt by Prospector, from an unnamed mare by Bridge of Earn from Swift Current, and is owned by Mr. R. Logan Kidston, whose horses are trained by Captain Tom Hogg at Ogbourne. Swift Current was bred in 1909 at the famous Knockany Stud in County Limerick, where Galtee More and Ard Patrick were foaled. She was by Blairfinde or Pioneer, and as Prospector is also by Pioneer we here seem to have a remarkable case of in-breeding, that is, if the mare should be by Pioneer and not by Blairfinde. In doubtful sirings the true sire is generally considered to be the one second named. Contractor is a very useful youngster.

A two year old I much liked in the first week of the season is Cylette, by Cylgad from Queenlet, by Berrill out of Queen Charming, by Marden. Queenlet was foaled in 1904 and has long been one of the Sledmere stud mares. King's Prize was her foal in 1913 and he could gallop and win races. Cylette was one of the batch from Sledmere that made such sensational prices at Doncaster last September, and I fancy it was my friend, Professor Robertson, who first drew the attention of Mr. Cottrill to him. The latter at that time was buying and training for Mr. White. Anyhow, Mr. Cottrill also took a fancy to him and got him for 1,800 guineas. He is a well grown colt, short in the rein, but particularly powerful across the back and loins. He was one of the victims of some very bad starting at Liverpool, and in his case he ran two furlongs or so before he could be pulled up. That was a hateful thing to happen to two year olds and so I am inclined to wipe out the form altogether. I will merely add that he was far the best looking of the field to my way of thinking.

Ring True, who was returned the winner of this unsatisfactory race, is a well knit and racing-like colt, not a big one by any means, by The White Knight from Mirobelle, by Ladas. He was bred by Mr. W. Murland and only cost 200 guineas as a yearling. He is the first notable instance of a yearling bargain,

and though he is rather dipped in the back, I feel sure there is a lot of good in him. Peace Declared, which ran in the same race and had been pretty well galloped by Jack Jarvis, is a nice colt by Stornoway from Sweet Clorane, and therefore a half-brother of Irish Elegance. He cost 2,100 guineas as a yearling, solely, of course, as the outcome of his half-brother's great deeds. Another one that was unplaced in the race was Southern Beauty, by Royal Realm out of Ayesha. I believe he had been well galloped, but, of course, the inability of Colonel Coventry to effect a decent start without thoroughly upsetting the youngsters may be accepted as a wholly extenuating circumstance.

It was on the closing day of the Liverpool meeting that another yearling bargain was revealed. This was Mr. Bower Ismay's Oxenden, by Captivation from Front Gate. I remember when the filly was bought for him at Doncaster for only 300 guineas. At that time she was plain and big, and looked as if she would take a long time to come to hand. She had, too, the look of a jumper some day, but here we have her winning the Sefton Park Plate in great style and in the first week of the season! She comes of "jumping" blood on the dam's side, for her dam was bred in 1904 and was by Walmsgate (sire of Jerry M). She was barren in 1914, and it appears that no return had been made for the Stud Book until Oxenden arrived on the scene as the result of the alliance with Captivation, a Cyllene horse that has got many winners during his stud career in Ireland. Third behind Oxenden was Volcanic, a filly by Corecra from La Soufriere. She cost Mr. Courthauld 2,600 guineas as a yearling, her breeder being Sir John Robinson. La Soufriere is a ten year old mare by Robert le Diable, and in 1915 she bred Lady Alicia, a mare that won hurdle races during the recent National Hunt season.

This week-end important racing is taking place at Newbury. For instance, to-day (Friday) there is the race for the Greenham Stakes. It is understood at the time of writing that Tetratema will compete, and, if so, I should look no further for the winner. He is, of course, fully penalised, but he would only have to be relatively the same horse as he was last year to make a certainty of winning. At any rate, I shall be very disappointed indeed if he should be beaten, while his Derby prospects would naturally be considerably dimmed. I take it that defeat would mean he is lacking in stamina. Banish the thought! And yet we want to have lingering doubts cleared up. The last Derby winner—in fact, the only Derby winner—to win the Greenham Stakes was Minoru for King Edward in 1909. He was not a very genuine stayer, but Richard Marsh got him absolutely fit. On the following day there is the race for the Newbury Cup, which I think will be won by Rizzio or Monteith. I know the former is a good horse, and I have ear-marked him to win one of the spring handicaps. If this be not the race, then he should be followed for the City and Suburban Handicap and the Jubilee Handicap. Keep an eye also on Stefan the Great, which if he has come back to his two year old form would not be long winning this race. A likely lightweight is Charmarmin, but as a rule lightweights—those in the 6st. division—do not charm me for these big handicaps.

PHILIPPOS.

PISE PRACTICE AND PLANT

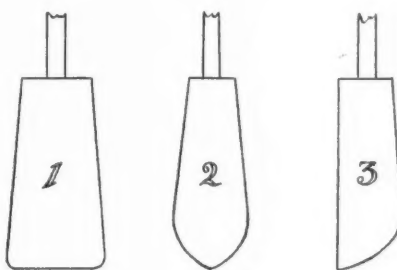
NOW that so many competent architects and enterprising bodies are seriously taking up pisé building the improvement in plant and technique should be both rapid and considerable. The School of Pisé Building, established at Hornchurch in Essex by the Imperial Ex-Service Association, should alone provide us with much new and valuable knowledge of a highly practical kind. It is there, for instance, that various types of shuttering and rammers are being experimentally tested side by side and their relative efficiency under varying conditions ascertained. Under some conditions it is probable that the floor and roof timbers destined for use in the house under construction will be found the most economical and satisfactory form of temporary shuttering for the making of the earth walls. The pisé

to be tongued and grooved. Certain "concrete" machines seem to lend themselves to adaptation for the making of earth blocks, but it is necessary to remember that sharp blows are required rather than a steady pressure, and also that we are working with a dry material. The ordinary primitive way of making pisé blocks is indicated by the photograph here reproduced.

The hand-rammers are undoubtedly worth study and careful design. A set of three seems to meet all ordinary requirements, and those shown by the accompanying diagram may be taken as typical. They should be of hardwood, smoothly finished and provided with long handles. The length should be 9 ins. to 12 ins., and the maximum cross-section about 5 ins. by 4 ins. In the sketch they are shown "narrow ways on." No. 1 is used for preliminary pounding and final finishing, No. 2 for general consolidating, and No. 3 for working along the edges, against window stops and under cross-ties.

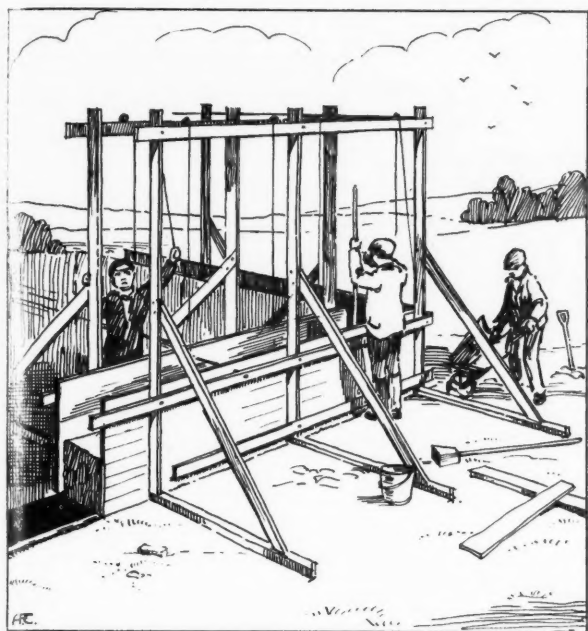


A SIMPLE MOULD FOR PISE BLOCKS.



PISE HAND RAMMERS.

A South African correspondent, Major Baylay, supplies some interesting comment concerning rammers and local pisé practice. He says: "My experience of all black labour is that they will not put any 'guts' into it. They therefore want fairly heavy rammers, which they can lift and drop, say, a foot, and which will do the rest for them. The heat of the sun and the extreme dryness of atmosphere out here make it advisable to cover up completed courses at once with sacking—moist for choice—otherwise it is liable to dry out too quickly and crack. It dries out uncovered at night very well when there is no rain. The red loams of South Africa, where not too sandy,

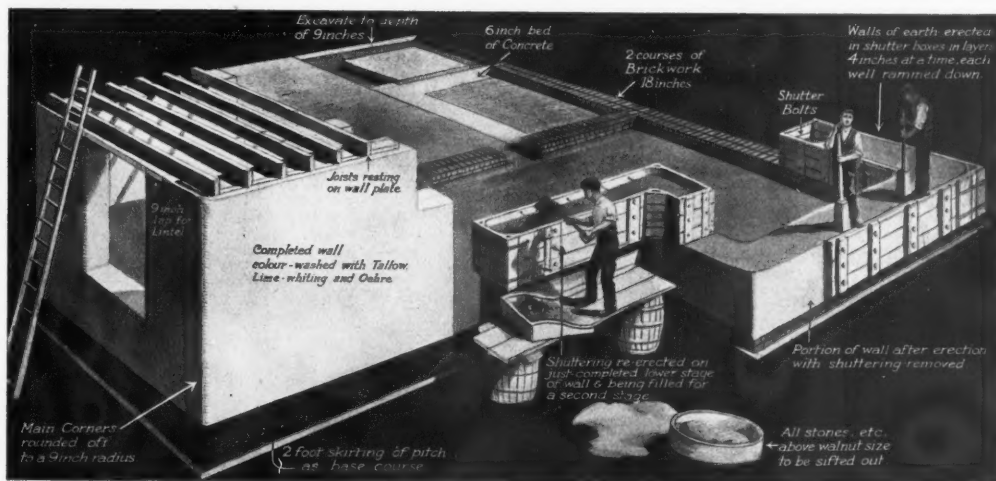


PATENT SHUTTERING FOR PISE DE TERRE.
By W. Alban Richards and Co.

"test-house" of Messrs. Alban Richards was built in this way at their Ashted works and proved highly satisfactory. Another effective and more generally applicable form of shuttering (designed and manufactured by the same firm) is illustrated by the sketch above. It should be observed that wedges intervene between the movable shutters and the uprights. The method of employment of the "Mark V" shuttering is well illustrated by the accompanying bird's-eye view showing the Newlands cottage under construction.

In this matter of shuttering there is still, however, great scope for improvement, and it may be hoped that soon ingenuity and experience will jointly produce a complete pisé plant perfectly fulfilling all the many conditions. Shuttering made by riveting plain galvanised sheet-iron to one side of a corrugated sheet has the qualities of lightness, smoothness, cheapness and rigidity, and the claims of the inventor and patentee are now being put to the test in actual building.

There seems but little doubt that pisé blocks will be largely used for partitions and chimney stacks where the soil is good enough, and experiments are being made with a view to discovering the best and cheapest way of making earth slabs similar to those of coke-breeze and concrete. The size aimed at is 18 ins. by 18 ins. by 3 ins., the edges



SKETCH OF A PISE HOUSE IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

make excellent pisé. They or their equivalent are found almost everywhere. In the dry state they set so hard that moisture added just before ramming is useless. A large heap must be made, well damped and covered over with moist sacking, and left until the moisture is distributed throughout the mass. When about four or five days old, in ordinary weather, the earth is ready to use—viz., just wet enough to bind when gripped in the hand. It should be passed through a sieve. I use a sort of 'chicken run,' 8ft. long, and throw the earth on to it before using. Six feet of it is of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. mesh, and 2ft. of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. mesh; the reason for this being that if the earth is a little too dry it does not always bind well with the previous layer. Therefore, put a few petrol tins of the fine earth into the shuttering first in order to ensure good bond, and throw the coarser stuff in after."

Were it not for the fact (often somewhat embarrassing) that soil quite incapable of making good pisé will, none the less, produce enthusiastic pisé builders, a warning as to the vital importance of the earth being really suitable might seem superfluous. I have found some of the staunchest champions of pisé building living on and valiantly struggling with stiff, glutinous clay and almost pure sand! Even the most vigorous optimism can achieve little with such unsuitable material unless soil-blending is resorted to; and, even so, pisé building begins to lose points in the matter of economy directly complications of this sort are introduced.

Fortunately, however, England is well off in the matter of pisé soils, the red marls being among the very best. A study of the country or, failing that, of the geological maps, will reveal a great tract of this earth extending diagonally right across England, from Yorkshire down to Devonshire, where it ends

conspicuously in the beautiful red cliffs about Torquay. There is a large area of it in the Midlands, notably in Warwickshire, with lesser patches here and there about the country.

Second only to the red marls come the brick earths, which, fortunately, are also widely distributed. "Brick earth" is merely clay that has been well weathered and disintegrated under the action of wind, rain, frost and organic agents, the sulphides having become oxides, and what was a cold, intractable slithery mass having become merely a "strong" and binding earth.

It is probable that even stiff clay, if dug in the summer or autumn, and left exposed for a winter, would prove sufficiently reformed to be quite amenable for pisé building in the spring.

After the marls and the brick earths there is an endless variety of soils that will serve well for pisé building—some of course better than others—but all, save the extremes (the excessively light and the excessively clayey), capable of giving good results under proper treatment.

Before putting pisé construction actually in hand, however, the intending builder will do well to submit samples of his earth to some competent authority, that they may receive his blessing. A fistful taken from a depth of 9ins. and another from, say, 2ft. below the surface should give sufficient evidence as to the soil's suitability, or the reverse. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

[An article describing and illustrating the small-holder's house at Newlands Corner, near Guildford, appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of December 6th last; and other pisé matter will be found in the issues of September 20th, October 18th, and December 27th, 1919; while the whole subject is dealt with in detail in Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis's book "Cottage Building in Cob, Pisé, Chalk and Clay," of which a new edition is to be published shortly.—ED.]

ECONOMY of LABOUR in the GARDEN

LAST year the then existing Ministry of Reconstruction published a pamphlet entitled "The Uses of Costing." The subject, though old and familiar, is treated with remarkable freshness. At a time like the present when garden labour is becoming more costly, and when all workers are demanding shorter hours, the study of this pamphlet is recommended to all garden owners. In no sphere of human activity do force of habit and conservatism hold more unquestioned sway than in the daily life of the home. The routine of the garden tends to become so crystallised that the owner is usually satisfied to leave well alone, while nearly every gardener is permeated by a deep distrust of new methods. An inspection of an unknown garden will, accordingly, often show how labour could be economised by trivial changes in daily routine or by some alteration of buildings, paths or water supply.

"It is the doctrine of costs," so states our pamphlet, "that all repeated tasks should be most carefully considered in terms of time, energy and money," for it is the cumulative economy effected by reducing seemingly insignificant, but wasteful, acts or processes which forms the sole aim of that doctrine. Let us now apply its precepts to our gardens.

Most owners are being forced to retrench their garden expenditure, whereas an increasing demand is being made on their fruit and vegetable produce. Again, more attention is being paid to pigs and poultry, or even cows. Where the same labour attends to the garden and to the livestock, the effect of shorter hours recoils still more on the garden. If, therefore, labour and wages are to be saved without curtailment of effect, a higher degree of horticultural efficiency is essential. It is now proposed to examine how far the principles of "costing" can be applied to gardens covering about four to six acres.

In three instances known to the writer the following personnel was employed in 1914:

In (a), one gardener; one second gardener; one labourer for seven or eight months per year; owner devoted three to seven hours daily to a very large rock garden and border.

In (b), one gardener; one boy; coachman, whenever free; one regular labourer who attends three cows.

In (c), one gardener; occasional jobbing gardener (believed in practice very frequent); chauffeur (attends to pigs and fruit garden); owner attends entirely to roses (extensively grown).

It has now been found possible to reduce: in (a), one gardener; (b), one boy; (c), occasional labour. The general aspect of these gardens has not altered, and the final result is remarkable, since the hours of work have palpably decreased. In case (c) the garden occupies a steep valley site and lends itself readily to methods of economy.

The various directions in which economy has been effected may be summed up as follows:

- (i) Design of the garden.
- (ii) Position of routine points (manure, etc.).
- (iii) Careful provision for new work or overhaul of existing features.

- (iv) Revision of daily and weekly routine.
- (v) Reduction of wasteful methods of work.
- (vi) Use of labour-saving devices.

(i) **General Design of the Garden.**—The plan of the garden must be studied; its main features, lawns, flower-beds, shrubberies, vegetable and fruit gardens should be examined with a view to assessing the facilities of the cultivation of each. The relative position of these features both to one another and to all entrances and doors demands attention. A plan, even if it be rough, is an invaluable aid in this task. The general outline being finally determined or revised, the owner may turn to:

(a) **Area of Cultivation.**—Without proceeding to any appreciable reduction of such areas, certain small cuts may, perhaps, be made. The substitution of perennials for bedding annuals is hardly a reduction of cultivated area, but small economies in mown grass may be made and awkward small pieces left to the scythe. Our pamphlet insists on the waste occasioned by grassy banks requiring sickle or shears.

(b) **Accessibility.**—A badly designed system of paths should be corrected. Every useless distance traversed by garden workers is a dead loss in wages. A few such instances may be adduced: e.g., an opening cut in a hedge reduced the journey from kitchen and stables to the vegetable garden by 30yds. This saved gardener and groom-gardener on an average 360yds. walk per day, or 60 miles a year. Again, the construction of an 8ft. bridge over a stream saved the whole garden personnel some 700yds. walking per day, or 100 miles per year. The frequency of similar cases is remarkable. Again, if the capacity of garden paths be considered, it may be found that gates, steps, arches, etc., will restrict the passage of a loaded wheelbarrow or entail an appreciable detour. Certain paths in or after wet weather become useless for such purposes. The provision of paths fit to admit a donkey or pony cart is less frequently overlooked.

(c) **The Position of the Tool House, Potting Shed, etc.**—The position of the tool house is of capital importance, since it invariably forms the centre of the old-fashioned gardener's activity. His work all radiates therefrom, and he goes backwards and forwards to his tool house between each little "odd job." An instance of an old Georgian summer-house built in the centre of the furthest side of a walled garden and serving as tool house may be quoted. The gardener working mostly in the front garden performed not less than six to fourteen journeys to his tool house. This process involved 600yds. walk and might even amount to 1,800yds. per day.

In a lesser degree, the same remarks would apply to glass-houses, frames, etc. New construction may be more than justified on the score of eventual economy of wages. In most gardens exceeding two or three acres there is a perceptible need for at least one subsidiary tool shed in close vicinity to the main lawn and flower-beds. The lawn mowing machines can thus be kept close to their working sphere, whereas they now may be wheeled up and down steps before and after use.

(ii) Position of Routine Points (Manure Heaps, etc.).—

Long journeys made for single barrowloads of manure, etc., must be eliminated by a judicious selection of these spots. The provision of several "dumps" for manure, vegetable and plant refuse, leaf-mould, etc., is urgent in a really large garden. Much is possible where manure, gravel, etc., is brought into the garden by cart. The same holds good in any garden exceeding three acres in extent. The spots selected for burning refuse should also be selected on the same principle.

(iii) Projects for New Work or Reconstruction of Existing Features.—Whenever it is decided to undertake a new piece of work or to overhaul an existing feature, due provision for the work can be made beforehand. Thus, the accumulation of road-sweepings, etc., may precede the re-making of a mixed border by months. Trenching a plot in the walled garden may be preceded by clearing crops and burning refuse in close proximity to the selected plot. The erecting of a new structure or the making of a new path may be anticipated by an apposite location of brickbats and gravel dumps or an altered planting scheme for adjoining beds. The same applies to repairs or painting undertaken in the case of the dwelling house, gates, drains and fences.

(iv) Daily and Weekly Routine.—A gardener unmethodical and unpunctual in his work is a fertile source of wasted energy, but even the best gardener will fail if harried by capricious masters or burdened with an impractical routine. The gardener's work must be considered; he must not be expected to work at the fruit trees in the walled garden, then be called off to a series of odd jobs elsewhere. Similarly, the supply of vegetables and fruit to the house must not be carried out as an intermittent process. Every such sporadic task may entail 200yds. walk, and involves loss of time due to the necessary change of tools.

The daily and weekly round should be thought out to suit the garden and the varying seasons. In fixing the gardener's routine the amount of outdoor work contributed by the household must be calculated. If the care of the roses, rock garden, or even poultry, be regularly undertaken from indoors, this should be made a fixed task and should not be spasmodically delegated to gardeners. Any prolonged absence of the responsible individual must then be supplemented either from indoors or on some basis of overtime work.

(v) Reduction of Wasteful Processes.—Owners and occasional labourers often duplicate work by thoughtlessness in the disposal of tools, soil, weeds, and produce. Careful instructions must be given to occasional labourers and jobbing gardeners who seem to have a fatal facility for making "two bites at a cherry" concerning the disposal of garden refuse, soil, etc. Many good gardeners, indeed, must be reminded that the use of wheelbarrow and basket may save labour. The following instance may be quoted. A gardener early in June proceeds to "look over" a large mixed border. He starts from his toolhouse with a small fork, a basket, a few stakes, and some bass in his pocket. He deposits his basketload of weeds, etc., at intervals along the border. Meanwhile he is called to procure parsley and a few onions for the kitchen. On his return he requires a spade and more stakes, so a journey to the toolhouse results. Next, his employer requests him to secure a couple of rose trees. He then finishes his border and proceeds to the toolhouse for his barrow and rake, when he sweeps up his little heaps one by one.

The process must be simplified by his originally taking a barrow loaded with the necessary paraphernalia and a pail—far the best receptacle for carrying through plants and rows of vegetables. The pail is regularly emptied into the barrow. The vegetables should be found at the proper time. The owner should leave the man to do the rose trees after completing his border. In this way fifteen to forty minutes may be saved on a two and a half hours' job. All unnecessary duplication in handling seedlings, etc., may be dispensed with in like manner.

(vi) Labour Saving Devices.—In one direction much has yet to be learnt concerning economy of labour; this concerns the watering of crops and flowers. The water system existing on a small country estate is generally inadequate for any modern scheme of summer watering. American ideas would come as a revelation to many English owners. An economic system of pipes combined with the use of automatic "sprinklers" will obviate hours of work. After handling 120ft. of hose—even with a good reel over good paths—one relishes the idea of cutting up that veritable sea-serpent into four lengths, each fitted with a "sprinkler." The expenditure of £20 to £40 on improving the garden water system might even now repay itself, and the day is not far distant when evening watering may be reckoned as overtime.

Roomy, well-designed tool houses and potting sheds are still rare. Disorder often complicates work. Bean and pea sticks should be sorted and properly stored. Flowerpots should be graded. Lime and soot must be carefully stored. Tools must be accessible and clean.

Small wheelbarrows, for carrying tools and weeds, for use in clearing up flower-beds; flat-bottomed, rectangular baskets—preferably in nests of three—would often be a blessing. A couple of iron pails or buckets are most invaluable for weeding, etc. In larger gardens there exists a need for a low, flat-bottomed, four-wheeled trolley for moving heavy pots, tubs, loads of soil or manure. A set of planks for working on soft or wet ground is

not seldom altogether wanting. New-fangled tools and fitted tool baskets appear on the market, which may be relegated to the limbo of fads. But among them are good things, such as long-handled pruning shears, the American wheel-hoe and other devices. The simultaneous employment of two or three wheelbarrows can result in surprising economies.

The efficiency of garden tools is too often overlooked. Garden mowers fall through being put away in the autumn ungreated. Worn spades and forks lead to a loss of efficiency. Occasional labour may smile when requested to trench a plot "three spits deep" with tools that have lost some inches of their full length.

(vii) Final Comments.—(a) A small garden of less than one and a half acres does not lend itself to economy of labour to the same degree as a larger garden. The really large garden, exceeding five or six acres, is usually far more economically managed than the medium garden. Moreover, the large garden is usually run by an able, practical man, with some capacity for handling subordinates and occasional labour in a truly economic fashion. On the other hand, the amateur owning the medium garden, is often absent and frequently abandons his own selected task for a day's fishing, etc. It is, therefore, in the case of these gardens that the principles of "costing" can be applied to the best effect.

(b) The expenditure of money on reconstructing buildings, on the re-making of paths, gates and water supply, must be judged according to the merits of the case and to the length of the owner's purse. It is an equation between waste of time and wages on the one hand and capital outlay on the other.

The day may be coming when the "new" gardener will begin to avoid the garden not fitted with a convenient tool house, potting shed and water supply.

(c) In the medium-sized gardens there is every facility for estimating the prospective year's work. This may be divided into:

- (1) Routine work.
- (2) Seasonal overhaul or reconstruction.
- (3) New building or laying out of new features.

It should be possible (1) to forecast accurately the amount of temporary labour required during the year, and (2) to combine two or more operations, so as to avoid going over the same ground twice; (3) to devise an economic routine suited to the season.

(d) The moral and personal factor enters largely into the question of economy. The old-fashioned gardener may be disinclined to give up old habits, and his employer may not have the courage to exact the change. Nevertheless, the case must be put fairly before the man. Reduction of hours and increased wages claim greater efficiency. The gardener must feel that occasional labour is brought in for his own advantage no less than that of his master. He must direct all such assistance with a view to economy of energy.

(e) The household must conform to systematic routine in the garden if it participates in outdoor work, and it must work regularly and thoroughly.

(f) The maintenance of good routine during frosty and wet weather is often difficult; but in view of shorter working hours, a greater effort must be made to work when the ground is wet; a good use of planks and of sand will assist matters when the personnel is willing.

(g) Both owner and gardener must realise that trifles are at the root of all waste of energy; that each basketful of garden produce of every kind entails the expenditure of energy which can be economically or wastefully applied.

The Romance of the Lace Pillow, by Thomas Wright. (Henry H. Armstrong, Olney.)

THERE must be numbers of people to whom lace is of no more interest than any other fabric, but not many of them will meet with Mr. Thomas Wright's *magnum opus* *The Romance of the Lace Pillow*, and remain of the same opinion even if they are not infected with his own pleasant enthusiasm. "The History of Lace Making in Bucks, Beds, Northants and neighbouring counties together with some account of the Lace Industries of Devon and Ireland" is the comprehensive sub-title of the volume, and even this will not prepare the uninitiated for the number of interests that, like the many threads of lace itself, are woven together to form the history of this, as our ancestors would have called it, "artful" industry. From before the time of Catharine of Aragon who, living at Amptill while her appeal to Rome was pending, taught the villagers lace-making—her name is still given to a pattern made in Northants—to that of Queen Victoria, whose wedding lace was made at Beer, English history yields many threads for our author's weaving. The influence of Flemish and Huguenot emigrants provides him with material from abroad, and the thread of literature weaves in the names of Shelley and Cowper, who both proved stout friends of the lace makers of their day. One chapter deals with the amusing inscribed bobbins and puzzle bobbins, and here our author cleverly gives the impression of a personal significance to inscriptions which sometimes at least must have as little reflected their owners' thoughts as did the loving inscriptions on old-fashioned peppermint tablets the true feelings of those lads and lasses who consumed them. He has much to say of lace makers' customs, language and holidays and fine illustrations of lace designs old and new are given. The reader who does not find something of interest here must be hard to please, and all collectors of lace will find Mr. Thomas Wright's book—in the compiling of which he seems, very sensibly, to have enlisted the assistance of a great many competent helpers—a valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

BRAZIL as a CATTLE RAISING COUNTRY

By PERCY F. MARTIN, F.R.G.S.

THE ordinary traveller who visits the Brazils for the first time, even as the who may make regular journeys to the great South American continent, can form but little real idea of the immense agricultural capabilities that lie hidden, and, indeed, except by the few, unsuspected, behind that vast region receding from the coast, usually marked upon even the best of maps in a non-committal manner. It is only the travelled Brazilian himself who really knows these lands—the beautiful, gently rolling country, with its abundance of water, its moderate climate and its attractiveness to those who seek a pastoral and agricultural livelihood. If there were but added facile and cheap means of transportation, there could be found no better cattle raising country in the world. It can be but a question of time when the last desideratum is provided—years, perhaps, if one may judge by the slow rate at which other necessary railway construction and new main roadways are provided in the majority of the South American countries; but the provision is bound to come as an integral part of that great scheme of economic development to which the Government is pledged and the intelligent carrying out of which forms one of the principal planks in the political platform of President Pessoa. In this case, moreover, the Chief Executive is loyally—and even enthusiastically—supported by his Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Padua Salles. Thus, there is reason to look for the gradual awakening of the Brazilians to the immense future that awaits the enterprise of live-stock production, provided it be carried out systematically and under the protective care of the authorities who have been specially engaged for the purpose. Hitherto the indiscriminate and often ignorant manner in which the industry has been pursued has spelled its failure.

It may be said that, while there is hardly a single State within the Brazilian Union, comprising an area almost three times as extensive as that of any other Latin American country, and measuring a total of 3,292,000 square miles, that does not raise cattle of some kind, there has been a complete absence of care displayed and very little supervision enlisted; the importation of foreign stock has hardly commenced, and there are numerous breeders who still manifest a rooted objection to begin it. What was good enough for their fathers, they tell you, should be good enough for them. In fact, if it depended wholly upon the initiative or the intelligence of the up-country cattle owner, there would be little hope of any material improvement being introduced until the Greek Kalends. Fortunately, however, this is not the case; to so great an extent, indeed, have the serious attention and the sincere motives of the Government been engaged, that special legislation is contemplated to compel the native owner to be more careful in his methods, and thus cease to jeopardise, not alone his own interests, but those of his possibly more enterprising and intelligent neighbours.

What, then, is the programme arranged to this end? The question of funds has, not unnaturally, played an important part in the Government's intervention; the National Treasury is not overflowing, and it is realised that every possible economy must be exercised and nothing in the way of unnecessary expenditure permitted. But support of the native cattle-raising industry is not alone necessary, but imperative. The amount has been found, with promise of as much more as may be expedient. The financial agents of the Brazilian Government in London have been instructed to place 400 contos gold (£43,200) at the disposition of the Rio Department of Agriculture, 200 contos being for the purchase of animals for the Government, and 200 contos for animals ordered by private cattle-raisers. The sum of 94 contos has been set aside for imports from the River Plate, 54 contos for animals to be imported from the United States, and 52 contos for other animals to be procured from such countries as Arabia, Syria, etc. The thorough and far-reaching arrangements of the Department of Agriculture will be recognised.

Originally the actual orders placed by the authorities for the various stations, in accordance with the recommendations of the Live Stock Industries Department, were as follows: ten young bulls and ten heifers, Swiss; ten bulls and ten heifers, Simmenthal; ten bulls, Dutch; five bulls, Flemish; twenty-five bulls, Hereford; ten heifers, Hereford; all these are to be animals of an age between twelve and fourteen months. In all, over 150 orders have been received for pure bred foreign stock, intended to be placed upon model stock ranches and experimental stations maintained by the Department of Agriculture. The States of the Union represented are: Rio Grande do Sul, Sao Paulo, Minas Geraes, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Alagoas,

Pernambuco, Ceará, Piauh, Maranhao and Pará. The value of the animals sought to be acquired, including the cost of freight, would have been: from Europe, £103,594; from the United States, £108,768; from the River Plate, £48,645; India, £156,812; and other countries, £13,314, or, a total of £431,133.

When this formidable bill was presented to the Government it was found that the cost would far exceed the amount allotted for the purpose. According to the law passed by Congress, one-half of the cost and freight only was to be paid by the Government. Were all the orders above referred to carried out, the share would come to £195,752, while the sum set aside by Congress for this purpose was only 600 contos, say, £64,800, of which 200 contos had to be expended upon animals for the Department's own experimental stations. It was, therefore, determined that the orders for Indian or Zebu cattle—which represented more than one-half of the total—be rejected. The resolution was the more comprehensible in view of the fact that a large number of these animals were imported under the provisions of the same Act of Congress last year, and it is believed that they should prove more than sufficient to meet all requirements in those parts of the country where the Zebu is preferred. The effort to cross the Zebu with domestic stock has proved decidedly successful in some of the States where it was necessary that cattle raised should be able to withstand the intense tropic heat and insect pests.

While in Brazil, as is still the case in Argentina, zootechnics are not an exact science, they adapt themselves to circumstances, to social surroundings, and to commercial conditions in each country. Its first laws, for the physical improvement of animals in the sense of greater advantage to man, are immutable and should be carefully enforced. This is what the Federal Government mean to effect if they can. Much, of course, depends upon the good will and the adhesion of the farmers in distant as well as in proximate parts of the huge country. So far, as has been pointed out, this co-operation has not been altogether lacking. Day by day sees additional pastoral ground being taken up and, especially in the two States of Rio Grande do Sul and Sao Paulo, very large land transactions have of late months taken place—partly for pasturage and partly for additional agriculture.

It is a little difficult to state with any definiteness the cattle wealth of Brazil. The totals given vary enormously, and there is little reason to place any more reliability upon those of Government origin than of other calculators. For what they are worth, however, the following statistics, which have been supplied by the Government themselves, may prove of interest: National ownership, 19,000,000; Indian ownership, 10,000,000; European ownership, 8,500,000; or a total head of cattle of 37,500,000. The most wealthy of the States in regard to number is that of the Rio Grande do Sul, with 8,443,800, of which 4,360,000 belong to Europeans, 3,333,800 to native Brazilians, and 750,000 to Indians. Next comes the State of Minas Geraes, with a total of 7,185,600, of which Europeans claim 1,064,000 and native Brazilians, 1,093,200, the greatest number—5,028,400—being the property of Indians. Another rich State is Goyaz, with a total of 4,564,000 head; Matto Grosso has 3,700,000, Bahia 2,500,000, Piauh 2,200,000, and Sao Paulo 2,130,000. The poorest in point of number per head is the State of Sergipe, which claims no more than 250,000. Of the number of animals given, beef-cattle ranked for 4,650,000; so that with a national consumption of 4,500,000 head, there was left—in 1918—for export, a balance of but 150,000, aggregating 792,000,000lb. in weight. By a recent decree of the Federal Government, all Brazilian export of meat are forbidden until the end of the month of February.

But Brazil is something more than a cattle-breeding country. It is one of the very best for the raising of sheep and goats—in fact, for the last named animal it ranks as the second best in the world. The principal sheep raising States are Sao Paulo, Rio Grande do Sul, and Minas Geraes. Here the breeding industry has received considerable attention, the breeds thus far introduced being Southdown, Romney, Marah, Hampshire Down, Oxford Down, Merino, Turco, Lincoln, Rambouillet, etc. Of all the States, perhaps that of Rio Grande do Sul is that where the Southdown—more commonly known as the *cara negra* (black face)—is preferred, owing to the facility with which it adapts itself to climatic and pastoral conditions prevailing there. In Sao Paulo, as well as in Paraná, and, perhaps it may be added, in Santa Catharina, much attention is being given to the intensive raising of the superior races of sheep known only

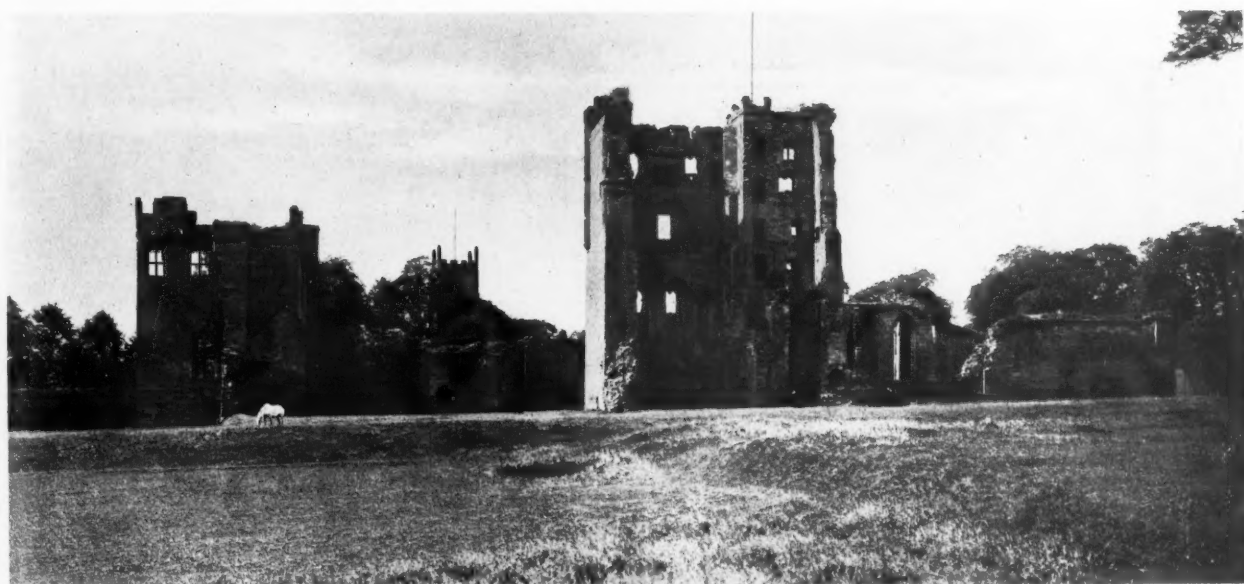
for a few years in Brazil. I have been given to understand by those who reside on the plains of the northern part of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina and Paraná, at an altitude of about 600 metres, or perhaps more, above sea-level, that sheep thrive better there than in any of the southern portions, and even better, on the whole, than in the same latitudes of Australia and the adjoining States of Argentina and Uruguay. Taking into consideration the weight and quality of the wool, it is considered that in time, under proper development, sheep in this section of Brazil will compete very favourably in the world's markets with those of New Zealand and the River Plate.

And yet the sheep flocks of the country are still small. In 1916 statistics showed no more than 7,204,920 head, and of this total the State of Bahia claimed 1,841,900 and Rio Grande do Sul, 2,622,920. Compared with other sheep rearing countries of the world, Brazil holds a very inferior position—thus all her progress is to come. Australia, with its 85,057,402 head; Argentina, with 83,546,000; the United States with 48,483,000; European Russia (before the revolution), with 42,735,567; the Union of South Africa, with 35,710,843; the United Kingdom, with 28,181,540; Uruguay, with 26,286,296; New Zealand, with 24,788,150; Spain, with 15,829,951; Russia in Asia, with 14,519,629; France, with 12,079,211; Italy, with 11,162,962; and Bulgaria, with 8,663,388, are all ahead. The countries that possess fewer sheep than Brazil are Germany (5,073,478), Chile (4,567,194), Serbia (3,818,997), Portugal (3,072,988), Canada (1,965,101), Norway (1,329,559), Tunis (1,119,310), Sweden (988,163), Netherlands (842,018), Denmark (254,428), Belgium (185,373), and Switzerland (171,635).

Goat breeding will doubtless form as important a part of Brazil's future industry as cattle raising. The Federal Government

are taking a special part in the enterprise and are offering every encouragement to farmers. Next to South Africa, which claims a goat population of 11,520,744, Brazil ranks as the second most favoured country in the world, the number of animals possessed, largely by the Indians, being returned at 6,919,550. The third most wealthy is Argentina, but the total comes a long way behind—to no more than 3,945,986. The poorest South American country in respect of goats is Uruguay, the number not exceeding 19,951. With the exception of Chile, which owns perhaps 300,000, and Columbia, something under 100,000, goats are not largely bred in South America. In Mexico, however, there are—or before the numerous revolutions there were—some millions of goats, these being found especially in the southern provinces. Since these districts have suffered from bandits rather less than the northern provinces of the Republic, it is possible that the number of goats has not been very sensibly reduced. The monetary value of a Brazilian goat of ordinary breed is very small; with the efforts now being made by the Government to raise the industry to a more lofty status, it is possible, however, to look for some improvement. Already several pedigree billy-goats have found their way into the country; two such animals were introduced in 1916, worth 253 milreis each (1 milreis = 1s. 2d.). In February of last year a decree was promulgated by the President of the Republic designed to aid the breeding of sheep and goats and providing for the payment of certain premiums to municipalities, agricultural societies, zootechnic posts, etc., engaged in this branch of stock raising, when specific regulations concerning the condition of the land, the use of modern appliances, the kind of stock imported, and other stipulations had been faithfully complied with.

CHARNWOOD FOREST



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THE CASTLE, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

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THERE are many corners of England, lying off the beaten track, which invite the exploration of the leisurely motorist. They may not, in Byron's phrase, be "violently lovely," but they are rich in quiet beauty and they are crowded with those historical associations that add so much charm to a landscape or an old church or a pile of ruins, whether of castle, priory or manor house. Such a district is the Charnwood Forest in north-west Leicestershire and much of the country lying in the right angle between the Soar and the Trent, with Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Leicester for its base. Any tourist whose route to some further destination lies through the Midlands would never regret spending a day or two in this part of England, and if he does not wish to stay in Leicester or Loughborough he may find good country quarters at Quorndon on the Soar, at the inn near the station, not far from Quorndon Hall, which has given its name to one of the most famous Hunts in the Shires.

Charnwood Forest is no longer a forest except in name, and "forest" itself did not necessarily imply a thickly wooded area. The last remaining portions of the old Forest were enclosed a century ago. But the puzzling geological peculiarities which make Charnwood different from any other part of England are happily

permanent and indestructible, and hence it is that Charnwood Forest will for ever continue to create the happy impression in the mind of its visitors that they have somehow strayed—how they hardly know—into a rocky and mountainous region, quite alien from the placid pastures through which it is approached. That is the charm of Charnwood. As you ride through the Forest roads and see the miniature ranges above you serrated on the skyline, you have the delightful impression of being high up among the mountains, whereas, in fact, the highest peak does not rise to 1,000ft. above sea level. The jagged rocks which create this pleasant illusion are among the oldest formations in England—granites, sienites and slates, of the greatest interest to the geologist. Moreover, there are little lakes in Charnwood almost as wild as any mountain tarn in the Westmorland Hills, which are nothing but the disused quarries whence used to be obtained the beautiful blue Swithland slates. They are lakes in miniature, with dark, precipitous sides above their black waters, and surrounded usually by a rich growth of trees. Charnwood is also a land of reservoirs of uncommon beauty. Swithland Reservoir, one corner of which the Great Central Railway crosses, flanked by the steep and lovely Buddon Wood; Cropston Reservoir, which serves as a broad, placid lake to Bradgate Park; the oval

reservoir of Nanpantan, and the round Groby Pool—these are some of the sheets of water which give a delightful diversity to the parks and hills of Charnwood.

The district is rich in parks cut out of the old Forest and enclosed by the favoured magnates of old days. The most important of these, Bradgate Park, still retains much of its wild character. (Its footpaths are always open, but it is closed to vehicles except on certain days.) Here are the picturesque ruins of the brick mansion built by Thomas Grey, Marquess of Dorset, and it was here that Roger Ascham found Lady Jane Grey reading "Plato," while her parents were enjoying themselves in the chase. At Bradgate the "Nine Days' Queen" was born and spent her happy girlhood. There are other forest parks at Beaumanor, Garendon, Grace Dieu and Swithland, but these are in private occupation. From the scenic point of view the motorist in Charnwood scarcely needs direction. The area is so small that he can easily cover all the good roads which cross and recross it in a single run. The church at the Copt Oak cross roads is the chief landmark, and the views from the summit of the Warren Hills, Beacon and Broombridge Hills, and the windmill at Woodhouse Eaves will not soon escape the memory of those who make their slight ascent.

There are two important relics of the past which should on no account be missed. One is the ruin of Ulverscroft Priory, a small Augustinian Priory which, in its palmy days, more than once had the distinction of entertaining kings "when heated in the chase." A large block, 60ft. high, of the church tower and other interesting fragments, including stone sedilia, remain, and the whole area is surrounded by a moat. Even more attractive to many will be the ruins of Kirby Muxloe, just outside the forest on the south side, a brick castellated mansion house of the

since the days of the Reformation. The Trappist rule of perpetual silence is observed, and, by the unremitting labour of the brothers, what was a wild, uncultivated desert has been reclaimed and made fruitful. (Ladies, it may be observed, are not admitted beyond the gate-house.)

So much for Charnwood proper. But that by no means exhausts the interest of this district. A long day might well be spent in the broad river angle of Soar and Trent. Loughborough has a noble parish church, with a splendid Perpendicular tower. At Dishley, close by, Robert Bakewell, the agriculturist, did more to improve the breed of sheep and cattle than any man of his generation. At Kegworth—where there is a large and perfectly uniform Decorated parish church—Tom Moore lived for a time to be near his patron, the Earl of Moira at Donington Hall. The ruin, as a habitable dwelling, of that once admired Gothic mansion—long the home of the Hastings family—has been completed during the war, when it served as an internment camp for German officers. During the French Revolution it was for a time the home of Charles X. But the old park is magnificently timbered, and the beauty of the cliff overhanging the Trent has been celebrated for centuries. The last Marquess of Hastings, it will be remembered, ruined his fortunes on the Turf. Just over the Derbyshire border from Castle Donington—itsself a picturesque little town—is Melbourne, with an exquisite hall and Dutch gardens—the old home of the Lambs and connected with Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. Here Richard Baxter wrote part of his "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Melbourne Church is a magnificent example of late Norman work. Bredon-on-the-Hill, an isolated limestone hill crowned with an old Priory Church containing fine monuments of the Shirleys and a sculptured frieze, unique of its kind, commands wonderful views across towards the Derbyshire hills. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, close at hand, has a beautiful ruin of the castle of the Earls of Huntingdon (Hastings family), which stood a siege for the King in the Civil War and was afterwards "slighted" by order of the Parliament. Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner here for a time. The adjoining church contains a number of fine Hastings tombs, including that of the famous Selina Countess of Huntingdon, the friend of Whitfield and Wesley. Two miles from Ashby on the Loughborough Road is Cole Orton, long the home of the Beaumonts. Here Sir George Beaumont, a most liberal benefactor to the National Gallery, frequently entertained Wordsworth and his sister, and Coleridge and Benjamin Haydon were also among his visitors. Wordsworth laid out part of the gardens and wrote verses for the



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THE RUINS OF BRADGATE PARK; BIRTHPLACE OF LADY JANE GREY.

fifteenth century, built by Lord Hastings. The moat is in perfect order. The ruins have been stripped of their ivy in recent years and the whole area occupied by the mansion has been garnished and swept clean. The modern Cistercian monastery of Mount St. Bernard, founded by the De Lisles of Garendon eighty years ago, is a sort of successor to Grace Dieu, the ruins of which are so scanty as hardly to be worth visiting. The abbey of Mount St. Bernard was the first to be completed in England

garden seats and columns. The ruins of Grace Dieu Nunnery and mansion, and the park of Garendon—the house stands on the site of an old Cistercian abbey—are passed on the way back to Loughborough. Even so bald an enumeration will indicate how much there is to be seen in the course of a run of no more than fifty miles through a constantly changing landscape, which never fails to be pleasing and which, in many places, attains to a high standard of picturesque beauty. F.

THE CHARNWOOD HILLS

I have known moors and mountains
And many a wind-swept height,
But the little Hills of Charnwood
Are precious in my sight.

More blue than dark delphiniums,
Or violets in the lane,
Or the bloom on ripened damsons
They show before the rain.

I look on them with worship,
Because, by land and sea,
Brave men have died in thousands
To keep them safe and free.

But in the heat of summer,
And at the close of day,
They dream across the valley
Wrapt in a mist of grey.

I go to them in sorrow,
So calm they are and kind:
The little Hills of Charnwood
Bring comfort to my mind.

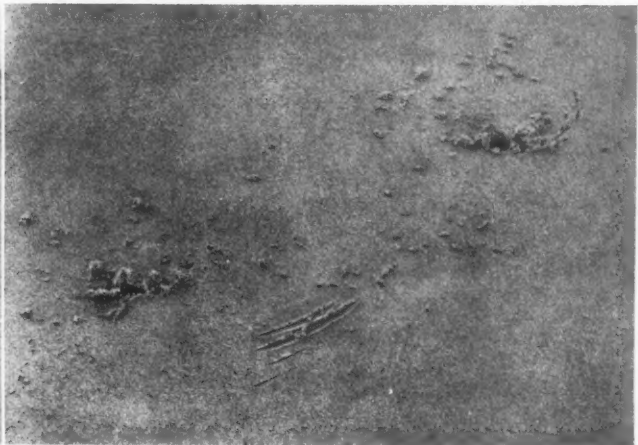
TERESA HOOLEY

NATURE NOTES

A NEW RIDDLE OF THE SANDS



THE MYSTERIOUS TRACKS.



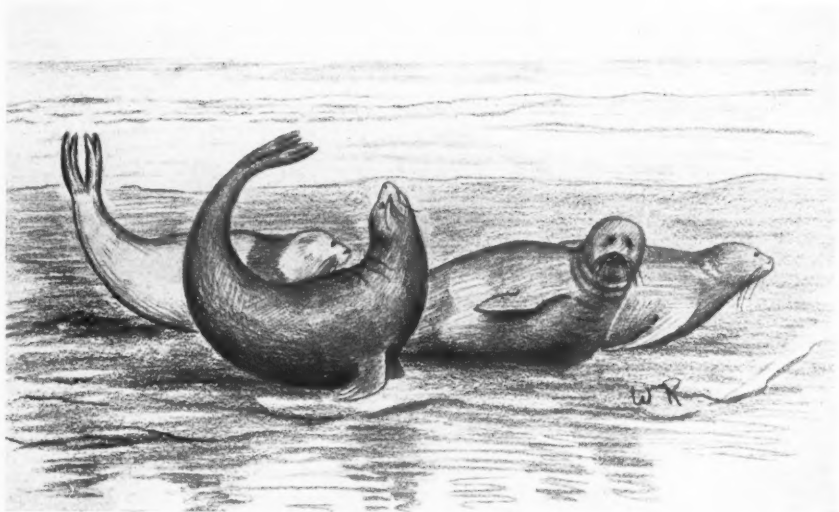
A NEARER VIEW.

THE accompanying photographs were taken on the Norfolk Coast and evidently provide a good "riddle of the sands," for none of my natural history knowledge professing friends have hitherto managed to identify them. They are tracks on a sandbank as anyone can tell, but the question is, whose? They are only to be found on the outermost banks and hence are rarely seen. Fishermen occasionally run across them and are mystified. But if the sandbanks are watched in the early morning and late evening the puzzle may, with luck, solve itself. But the tide must be out. Sometimes one may watch for weeks together in vain. Then suddenly one evening, as the banks are beginning to rise out of the sea, will appear first one small, round head and then another from the surrounding water. At first the unknown owners will swim cautiously round the bank and then, without warning, hop awkwardly and jerkily on to the solid sand—seals. These interesting carnivores are far more numerous round the British Coasts than is generally supposed. They may be seen at all times of the year, but they seem to come in spells. For weeks there will be none, and then again for some weeks there will be a number every evening and morning, when the tides are right. They are heartily loathed by the professional fishermen, who, whenever there is a small herd to be seen, take their rifles with them. Usually they appear in small numbers, from half a dozen to ten, but I have seen as many as thirty together on a single bank. If you approach them in a boat they take to the water long before one is near, but they seem to be extremely inquisitive for they will swim round and round at very close quarters, sniffing and snorting. They will not return to the banks while the boat is in view.

It is possible to approach them by swimming and get within a few yards of them if the wind is right, *i.e.*, blowing from them to you. All you need do is to pretend you are a seal and swim strongly and boldly up to them. Last summer I persuaded two strong lady swimmers to prove this story on the Norfolk Coast. The wind was suitable and the tide still dropping so that they had the help of the current. Seven seals were idly flopping about on the remotest bank. All were evidently wide awake and watchful, watching the approach of the swimmers—who were by the way, wearing vividly coloured bathing caps—without the slightest concern till they were within 20yds. of them. And at this point the swimmers made a serious mistake. They were so fascinated with these beasts seen at such close quarters



THE SLEEPING PLACE OF THE UNKNOWN.



THE SEALS SKETCHED WITH THE HELP OF BINOCULARS.

that they stopped quite still to see them the better. Now, no seal stops still when he is approaching a sand bank. His object is to get on to it. This un-seal-like behaviour promptly aroused their slumbering suspicions, and in a second the whole herd went bouncing down to the water's edge, to dive in and disappear.

The following evening the seals were again on the bank, but the wind was in the wrong direction. The light being a little better, however, I swam across with the camera and secured

the accompanying pictures of the tracks. If these are carefully examined it will be seen that these animals can progress for a considerable distance without the use of their flippers, by a sort of side to side wriggle. When in a real hurry they use both flippers and tail and then move at a very good rate. When the herd is asleep on the bank one is always wide awake and on guard. If merely basking in the sun they go through the most amusing antics. A favourite one is to bend the back till the tail is almost touching the nose. Another is alternately to open and close the component parts of the tail and clap them together, this appendage in the meantime being raised high in the air. In this connection it is interesting to note the observations of Steffenson, made on his recent Canadian Arctic Expedition. For some time he was dependent on the seal for his entire food supply. He says that it is perfectly easy to approach these beasts on the ice. The only qualification necessary is a good knowledge of the characteristic movements of the animal. A continuous wriggle in the direction of the seal soon arouses suspicion. One must then stop, raise one's head and move it backwards and forwards as though scanning the horizon for possible enemies. Even this may not allay suspicion entirely. To convince them completely it is necessary to raise the feet in the air and clap them together several times. This dispels all doubt and the beasts quietly lie and let the shooter get into range. W. R.

BRITISH BIRDS IN "GERMAN" EAST AFRICA: ON THE COAST.

It was on the coast that I saw the bulk of the British birds which I identified while in Africa. For many months my tent was pitched on the top of a small cliff just above the sea, and at low tide the shallow pools among the coral rocks were thronged with waders, that I had studied for years in England. Indeed, the majority of the many species that frequented this patch of foreshore and an adjacent clump of mangroves were visitors from Europe. There I was delighted to hear and see again flocks of curlews and whimbrels. The grey plover was also common, and odd greenshanks were to be seen each day. Flocks of sanderlings, ringed plovers, curlew sandpipers, turnstones and little stints were everywhere, and tripping daintily among the mangrove stumps were numerous common sandpipers. Then, there was another small wader about the size of, and with much the same habits as, the last-named species, but with yellow legs and a slightly upturned bill, that was probably the terek sandpiper. Once I saw a flock of what I took to be godwits, but I did not get near enough to see them plainly; and on another

occasion I think I saw some ruffs and reeves. It is worthy of note that during the hottest part of the day, when the heat and glare on the coral rocks were intense and when many of the native birds crouched in the shade with gaping beaks, apparently quite overcome, the waders ran about or flew hither and thither just as energetically as I have seen them in England. After each tropical shower muddy puddles formed all over the cleared ground of our camp, and to these the smaller waders came at high tide. They were ridiculously tame, and fed right up to the tents. But the more wary curlews, whimbrels, greenshanks and grey plovers flew off when disturbed by the rising tide to a mangrove creek some miles away. Then, as soon as the shore was uncovered, they flighted back to resume their active search for food. At different times I was able to examine these waders in the flesh, and saw, particularly in March and September, many interesting stages of intermediate plumage. Before the end of April all, with the exception of some curlews that remained throughout the year, had left on their northern migration. The last I saw were some grey plovers on April 24th. These and some turnstones, which I noticed a few days earlier, were rapidly assuming full summer plumage. On the 28th of the following August I noticed several common sandpipers; but it was not until the end of October that the shore again became thronged with waders.

From my tent at the top of the cliff I used also to see a number of herons and storks. The common heron was there every day and the great white heron very frequently; in the mangrove swamps I saw the little egret, buff-backed and purple herons, besides many species that are not found in Britain. From October to March ospreys constantly fished in the bay, and kites, which seemed to me very like our own, were exceedingly numerous. The latter birds were, however, common at all times of the year, and probably belonged to a distinct race. These kites seemed to take the place of gulls in the harbour, and were very bold. On one occasion I was preparing the head of a small antelope and put the skull on a petrol tin a yard or two only from where I was working. A moment later a kite swooped down and was flying away with my trophy before I could do anything to prevent him.

All the European species became more numerous in February and March—due, I think, to the arrival of birds from still further south. No one who has not been similarly placed can realise the pleasure I derived from the sight of so many familiar birds, nor, perhaps, understand my feelings of envy when they left on their spring migration. M. STANLEY WOOD, M.D., M.B.O.U.

THE DECREASE OF GAME IN NORWAY

AT one time, not by any means very long ago, there was an excellent stock of elk, red deer and wood game birds in the Norwegian forests; on the high fields the wild reindeer roamed in thousands, and on the mountains and moorlands ptarmigan and willow grouse existed in vast numbers. Only a little fostering care and recognition of the changes everywhere in progress were required to turn Norway into one of the finest and most valuable game countries in Europe. But the people willed it otherwise; they failed to see what a golden harvest, in the shape of sporting rentals and accessories, was to be reaped if the game animals and birds were accorded proper legislative protection, and the results can hardly be described as satisfactory either from the economic or the sporting point of view.

From the authorities in all parts of the country come reports to the effect that every species of game is decreasing very markedly in numbers and that illegal shooting is rampant. In the three northern Amts the wild reindeer has long ceased to exist, and such is now the case in regard to many other mountain tracts further south, where, as recently as a dozen years ago, these noble animals were to be found in hundreds. The issue of unlimited numbers of cheap licences which permit the holders to kill (nominally) three deer each annually, the encroachments and proceedings of the owners of the herds of tame reindeer, and wholesale and systematic poaching all the year round are mainly responsible for this.

The stock of elk is rapidly decreasing—a decent head is a great rarity—and complete protection for a series of years is spoken of as the only means of saving this unique inhabitant of the Norwegian forests from extermination.

The bear, that once so familiar figure in rural Norway and the hero of so many adventures by flood and fell, is now so rarely seen or even heard of that it can hardly any longer be considered a beast of prey. Instead of being one of those animals for the destruction of which a Government reward is payable, it seems likely that, in order to prevent its disappearance from among the fauna of the country, all the year round protection will have to be accorded it. A "ringed" bear is a merchantable commodity, and for the right to shoot down the half-dazed creature as it issues from the darkness of its winter "tli" sportsmen will pay a large sum.

The capercaillie, too, is very hardly treated. There is little, if any, exaggeration in saying that in many districts it is shot under one pretence or another all the year round. When in winter the big grouse sit on the top branches of the snow-covered

pine trees they are killed in large numbers. The local Lensmand recently reported that in the Varrg and Furnes "Almening" alone last winter no fewer than 1,000 cock capercaillie were accounted for in this manner. When assembled on the "Leks" in spring for breeding purposes they are mercilessly persecuted, and during the three months' close time which the law grants they get very little peace.

It is not to be wondered at that the willow grouse or ryper, as it is commonly called, is also very perceptibly diminishing in numbers. Owing to the greatly improved facilities for travel there is hardly a tract of country suitable for these birds which is not occupied by a party of sportsmen for a fortnight or three weeks after August 25th, and they again are succeeded in early autumn by the local "Jaegere," who kill off all the birds they can by every means in their power. But it is when the snow comes—from November to March—that the greatest amount of mischief is done, the ryper being then snared in thousands. That this abominable practice should be permitted by the law in a civilised country at the present day is nothing short of scandalous. The snares are not visited with any degree of regularity or frequency, and the consequence is that the unfortunate birds are either frozen to death or are torn to pieces by the foxes and ravens. A revision of the Norwegian Game Law seems likely to be undertaken shortly, and it is to be hoped that the snaring of game birds will then be forbidden, or at any rate materially restricted under stringent penalties.

Extended close seasons for birds and all the year round protection for some of the big game animals are suggested as remedies for the present state of matters, but the fact is that neither these nor any other steps of the kind will be of any avail until the law is backed up and enforced by a body of special police constituted for the purpose, and invested with powers far beyond those possessed by the few functionaries now employed.

With the exception of legitimate sportsmen, comparatively few people in Norway hold the Game Laws in any respect, and the punishments inflicted by the local authorities for their infraction are, as a rule, so inadequate as to constitute a direct encouragement to repeat the offence.

On the whole, it can hardly be said that the attractions of Norway are on the increase. The cost of living there has risen about 200 per cent., the rents of salmon fishings are pretty nearly doubled as compared with pre-war rates, and no one is permitted to buy or introduce into the country wine or spirits containing more than 12 per cent. of alcohol, even for his own private use. G. LINDSAY.